



THE XMAS JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 242.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1924.

TWOPENCE

DRINK
AND
ENJOY

LIPTON'S
TEA

*A
Happy
Christmas
to you*

WOODBINE
WILLIE
HITS
OUT

*-Remarkable
Article
in this issue*

Be ready for the "Bovril Winter"

For months past you have been starved of sunshine. This means that your powers of resistance to illness will be low unless you take special measures to increase them.

Take Bovril. It is a sound instinct, based on deep racial experience, that makes people turn to Bovril when illness threatens—when any special effort is required—when any extra demand is made upon the system.

Modern research has shown that the proteins of beef, which are contained in Bovril, have an exceptionally high biological value and act to a degree unrivalled by any other food as a stimulant of cellular activity.

That is why nothing else can really do the work or take the place of Bovril in time of need.

Bovril is the power of Beef

GRAVES

GENUINE
NATURAL FURS.
Every lady should write
for the Graves Bargain
Catalogue of genuine high
grade furs. The newest
exclusive styles in ex-
quisitely matched skins.
Keenest money-saving
prices and Easy Terms.
Finest values ever offered.

WE DELIVER Furs to
approved orders for a small
payment with order. Balance in
monthly payments if satisfied.
Money back if disappointed.
WRITE TODAY for our
new hand-drawn Illustrated
Fur Catalogue. Post Free.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.



From
5/-
Monthly

MASTERS' CORNICAN BOOT



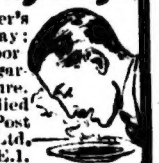
Black or Tan.

"THERE'S DOUBLE WEAR IN EVERY PAIR."

To prove the genuine quality of these boots, just send
a deposit of 5/- and have the boots to examine before pay-
ing anything further. The "Cornican" is our special brand-
extra thick soles for hard wear, leather-lined and built to
satisfy the most particular. Price 22.6 cash or 25/- on
easy terms within the reach of all, 5/- deposit and 3/-
monthly. Send 5/- for a pair to-day and promise 5/-
monthly after delivery. Deposit refunded if not satisfied.
Send 5/- and say size required.
Price List of Boots, Shoes, Costumes, Watches, Foot Free.
MASTERS, Ltd., 83, Hope Street, RYE.

Asthma Catarrh
Bronchitis & Whooping Cough

relieved instantly by Potter's
Asthma Cure. Ease during day;
rest at night. When outdoor
smoke Potter's Asthma Cigar-
ettes or Smoking Mixture.
Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied
by all medicine vendors, 1/6. Post
free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd.,
60, Artillery Lane, London, E.C.1.



GRAVES 'FIFTY'

50 PICES, 50 SHILLINGS

1 pr Double Shear Steel
Carvers, 1 pr Table Forks,
6 Stainless Steel Table
Knives and 6
Stainless
Steel Dessert
Knives, 1 pr
grained hand-
les, 2 Table Spoons,
6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons,
6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar
Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all
warranted to wear white
throughout. Terms: 5/-
now, 2/- monthly. Money
back if at all disappointed.
Catalogue Post Free
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

5/-
NOW



FACTORY TO RIDER

Carriage Paid. Fifteen Days' Free Trial.
FROM 25 SH. CASH
OR 25 WEEKLY.
Prompt Delivery. Second-hand Cycles
CHEAP. Accessories at popular
prices. Write for Free List and
Special Offer of Sample Bicycle.
MEAD STOLE CO. Ltd.
Dept. 5 657
SALFORD - LEATH - BIRMINGHAM

JOHN BULL FREE INSURANCE GIFT

Reader's Home Guttled by Fire
JOHN BULL Pays £150.

A little cottage in a quiet countryside. Spoke our's
lazily from the chimney—contentment reigns. Sud-
denly the scene changes. Hungry flames lick the walls
and devour the possessions of a lifetime. The roof
crashes in . . . Coverts Cottage, the home of

Mr. A. G. Paxton, Laleham, Middlesex, is no more.
Fortunately Mr. Paxton was registered under "John
Bull's" Free Insurance Gift, and "John Bull" has
forwarded him a cheque for £150.
What about your home?



All that remains of the home of
Mr. A. G. Paxton, Laleham, Middlesex.

Mr. PAXTON writes: I have received your
cheque for £150, and thank you for prompt
settlement. I think your Free Insurance Gift is
a splendid thing.

A few of the Fire
Benefits paid this week

HULL.—Mr. T. I. MOULD, 1, Ice-
house Terrace, Cambridge Street.
SHERE, near GUILDFORD.—Mr.
G. A. KITCHER, 6, Path Field.
RHONDDA.—Mr. A. HOWELL, 67,
Trealaw Road, Trealaw.
KENSINGTON.—Mrs. A. PETTY,
111, Abdon Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. F. A. DYER,
85, Park Street, Peel Green.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. A. HAYES,
6, Sandywell Street, Salford.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. H. SMITH, 26
Cl. 1 House, Sayle Street East.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. TUCKWOOD,
10, Fell Street.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. J. BROWN, 34,
West Shaw Street.
CATRINE, AYRESHIRE.—H. FOW-
LER, Mill Street.
STOKE NEWINGTON.—Mrs. M.
MOORE, 71, Spenser Road.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A. T.
WARD, 4, Priestclose, West Wyham.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. A. G. GEDDES,
33, Westfield Road.
LEEDS.—C. AMBLER, 13, Ingram
Place, St. Barnabas Road.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. H. DOWNEY, 23,
Keyden Street, Kinning Park.
LOWESTOFT.—H. C. PITCHERS, 1,
Police Station Road.
GLASGOW.—J. STEWART, 185,
Waddell Street.
HALSTEAD.—W. WARREN, Barracks
Square, Ridgewell.
SWAFFHAM, NORFOLK.—Miss E.
ELLIS, Necton.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. F. COLLINS,
73, Hardgate.
PENRHYNDEUDRAETH.—M. L.
WILLIAMS, 3, Penbryn View.
CARLISLE.—Mrs. J. TURNER, 11,
Victoria Place.

TOTAL BENEFITS NOW PAID 14,204!

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly
delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the
full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent
on receipt of 1d. stamped addressed envelope.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further
notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to You

Another 10,000 Sets Offered

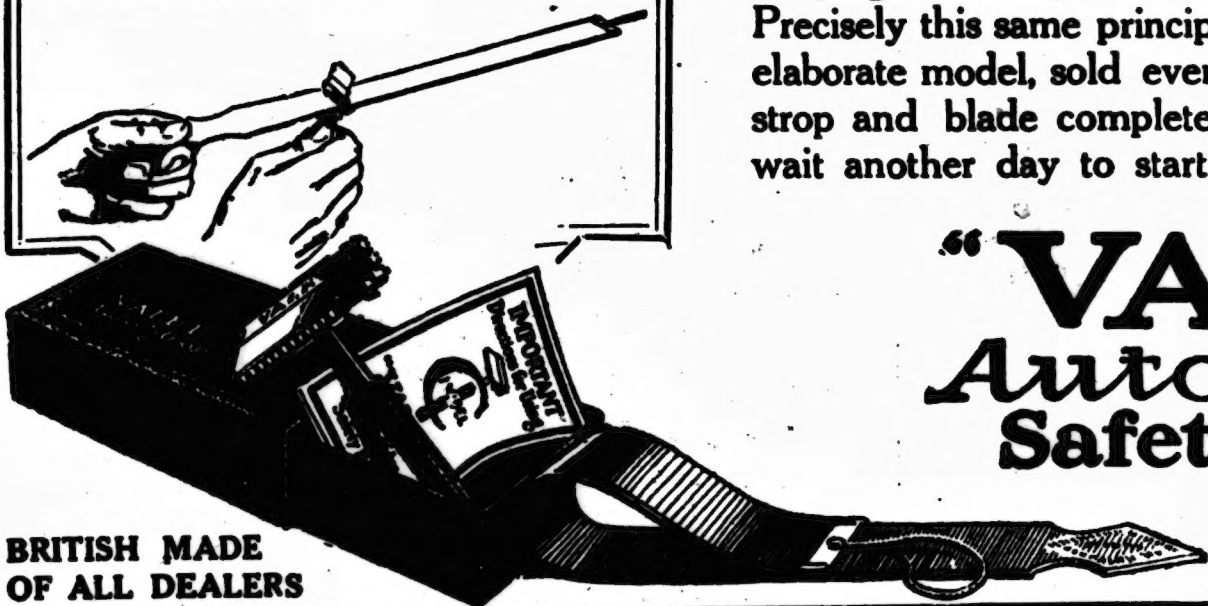
YOU'RE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME—SEE PAGE 4



The New 2/6 Safety Razor

ILLUSTRATION SHOWS THE NEW 2/6 SET

containing the essentials for a perfect "Valet" shave—the razor, blade and strop in neat case. If your dealer does not stock it, the manufacturers will send it post free on receipt of a postal order for 2/6.



BRITISH MADE
OF ALL DEALERS

—which works on a Guinea Plan

EVERYONE has heard of the "Valet" Razor, which made its name all over the world—at a guinea. Everyone knows that the "Valet" has a patent device of its own for stropping its blade—without removal from the frame—keeping it as sharp as any blade can be for 40 or 50 shaves. Precisely this same principle is now incorporated in this less elaborate model, sold everywhere by dealers to-day—razor, strop and blade complete for half-a-crown. You needn't wait another day to start on a lifetime of perfect shaves.

"VALET" Auto Strop Safety Razor

THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.,
Ltd., 197-207, City Road, LONDON, E.C.1.

RHEUMATISM



WHY, I'VE FORGOTTEN
I'VE EVER HAD IT!

"YES, I now often forget I ever had Rheumatism. I can do a good day's work, walk well, ride my cycle, as you see, and I certainly do not dread the winter as I used to do before a friend recommended me to try 'Urillac Tablets' for my Rheumatism.

These "Urillac Tablets" are prepared from the "Favourite Remedy" of thousands of one-time sufferers throughout the country. There is nothing better for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis or Lumbago—as the very first trial of "Urillac Tablets" will prove. They bring welcome relief from aches and pains within 24 to 48 hours, and stiffness, soreness or swelling becomes less daily as the treatment is continued.

Get a 1/3, 3/-, or 5/- supply and try them to-day. Take two or three "Urillac Tablets" daily and any of the different forms of Rheumatic trouble will die away and then be kept at bay despite winter cold and damp. Do not fail to make sure that you get the genuine

URILLAC TABLETS

In Cartons, at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- at all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in case of difficulty direct from the Sole British Agents:—

Heppells CHEMISTS,
164, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.
And at BRIGHTON.

URILLAC LIMENT (for outward massage application) is particularly good for sprains, strains, bruises, sore throats, etc. Price 1/3 & 5/- per Bottle at Chemists, or post free direct.



IDEAL MILK

is pure creamy concentrated milk,
containing No Sugar, No Artificial
Colouring and NO PRESERVATIVES.

Diluted instead of ordinary milk: undiluted in place of cream.

No increased price—4½d., 8d. & 9½d. per tin.

Labels admissible for Nestlé's £8,000 Competition.

Ask your grocer for details or send postcard to NESTLÉ'S LONDON, E.C.3.



20/- WONDERFUL RAINCOAT VALUE SARTOR RAINCOATS

Car. 2/11 in
British Isles

The fact that better value cannot be had is proved by the huge demand, which is for ever increasing, for the world-famous SARTOR RAINCOAT. Note carefully these 6 points:—

1. GUARANTEED RAINCOAT.
2. FULLY-PROOFED GABARDINE.
3. FITTED WITH COZY CHECK LINING.
4. FINISHED WITH INDIVIDUAL CARE.
5. SUITED TO ALL WEATHERS.
6. DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR FOR 20/-.

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Maids', and Youths'), and accurate Self-measurement form. Examine them carefully.

SEND NO MONEY. Get the patterns first, judge their value, and be convinced. Do not order until you are positive that better value cannot be had. Write To-day

OUR GUARANTEE. Entire satisfaction—or MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. J), 33, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER,
or visit our London Showrooms (First Floor),
220, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1.



John Bull's Great Xmas Gift to YOU

FREE!

This Magnificent
2/6 "EVERPOINTED"
PENCIL

AND

FREE!

A Name
Engraved
in Gold on
this Pen

Grand Distribution

of another
10,000!
You're just in the
nick of time!

"John Bull's" Xmas Gifts have swept the country! The original 10,000 set aside for our readers are exhausted, but in order that no one may be disappointed, we have made arrangements for the distribution of another 10,000.

Post your application now. You will be in the nick of time for Christmas.

2/6 PENCIL
FREE!
Heavily
plated,
beautifully
chased, com-
plete with
re-fills.

WRITTEN
2 YEARS
GUARANTEE
The Pen is
fitted with
heavy 14-ct.
solid gold
nib, iridium
tipped;
safety cap.
Equal to
pens sold
at 17/6.
Written 2
years
guaranteed.

PEN AND PENCIL ARE PACKED IN A GOLDEN PRESENTATION BOX which greatly enhances the value of this superb Gift.

Christmas Gift Coupon

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Please send me the Christmas Gift Set, containing the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen and FREE 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil in Gold Presentation Box. Engrave the following name (or initials) on Pen:

(Write in CAPITALS name or initials you wish engraved.)

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose Cheque/P.O. for 5/6 (including postage, insurance and clip). Cross "A" & Co. and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium, broad, nib. J.B. 20/12/24

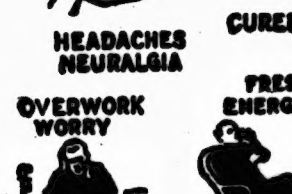
YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets. A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE TABLETS will relieve:

Headaches, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.
Belching, Bloating, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.
Influenza, Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.

BEFORE AFTER



The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly, post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received over 20,000 letters from satisfied users in 9 months, which are open to inspection.

17012.—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18224.—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

18237.—Leading London Hospital (Secretary): "After a careful test we find Yeast-Vite as claimed and very satisfactory. We are now quite willing to purchase supplies."

1122.—"I am a hospital trained nurse, very anemic. The tablets have done me a lot of good and improved me so."

18008.—Diocesan for Befriending Girls: "I am using them for my girls with great success. One very delicate girl gained 4 lbs. in one week. I find them an excellent tonic."

22207.—"I am suffering with Diabetes, and have been doctoring without relief until I tried Yeast-Vite. I have had only one box and already feel a new woman."

21224.—"I was miserable, irritable, and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me."

18007.—"I suffered with stomach trouble for years, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am entirely cured. I have recommended them to many friends, and they all speak highly of them."

21007.—"Suffering with nerves and general run-down condition, I tried lots of medicines, without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better."

18008.—"They are the most wonderful cure in the world. For years I have suffered with bilious headaches, but have not had one since."

1700.—"I used to feel so tired and old after doing housework I had to lie down. Since taking the tablets I take a brisk walk instead. Please send a box to Dr. Guy's Hospital. He is much impressed with my improvement and wishes to try them."

18008.—"I awoke feeling sick, weary and nervy. Took 2 tablets and soon felt absolutely different—a most wonderful change."

18002.—"I feel it my duty to let you know how excellent they are in removing my nervousness and depression."

18001.—"I thank you for your wonderful remedy and my nurse also takes them. They are a real pick-me-up and help us to carry on."

12001.—Rev. J. P.: "I was led by a fellow-sufferer to try them, and have received considerable benefit."

14721.—"I have recommended them to several patients, and would thank you to send a box to each name on the list enclosed."

18012.—"Am pleased to let you know that several of my patients have secured benefit from them."

11000.—"Send by return post, as I cannot be without them. I suffer so with indigestion, and they relieve me immediately."

18008.—"They are a splendid tonic, and they did me a great amount of good. I have been suffering from nerves since I left the Army four years ago."

14001.—A District Nurse writes: "I find the tablets all you claim and am recommending them heartily in this district."

887.—"Such a splendid tonic. I shall recommend them on account of the great improvement in my health."

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Diabetes, Anemia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
29, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Selling manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profits certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—**Whitcomb's Warehouse**, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

AI OFFER—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £5—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best House for beginners. Send for free catalogue.—**H. Marks**, 51, Houndsditch, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. How to Start, Useful hints, Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day, **Cochrane's Warehouse**, 6, Victoria Bridge Manchester.

DRAPEY Remnants, Cut Lengths, (wholesale only); list free.—**H. H. Clegg** (Dept. J.B.), 88, High Street, Manchester.

EXCEPTIONAL Value is offered to small traders in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated Catalogue Free.—**S. Mosco**, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.1.

REMNANTS, Cut Lengths, for Drapers, Makers-up and Beginners. Send for Price List.—**Levy's Ltd.**, 30a, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

LACE and Embroidery, Wholesale. **Torchon**, **Yala**, **Gulpure**, **Fillet**, **Volle**, **Flouncing**, **Drapery**, **Louche**. List free.—**Albion Lace Co.** (Dept. B.), 115-116, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

XMAS CARDS—Choice, 1d. to 6d. 30/- worth, 10/-; 15/- worth, 5/6. 15 smart sets, and cat., 1/6.—**J. B. Hughes**, 388, Dudley Road, Birmingham.

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£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots, Shoes, and Clothing, Drapery, Lino, Carpets, Bicycles, Baby Carriages, China Ware, Toys, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to **FREEMAN'S Contractors to H.M. Government**, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A BALANCE AT THE BANK IS A USEFUL THING TO HAVE. Why not acquire one by being a salesman? It is well-paid work with immense prospects. You can learn how to become one by reading an intensely interesting and beautifully illustrated Free Book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." This will be sent post free on request. Write at once.—**The Wallace Attwood College**, 387, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—**S. B. M. Co.**, Dept. 10B, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—**J. Holt** (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

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DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus free.—**Central Press** (Series Dept. 66), 106, Strand, London.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and List H.—**Levaline** (Dept. J.B.), 145, Houndsditch, E.1.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without Buying Stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities.—Write, **Noble Bros.**, Felham St., Nottingham.

BARGAIN SALES.

BILLIARD TABLES—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—**JELKS**, 263-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

BLANKETS 9/11

DIRECT FROM YORK—SHIRE TO YOUR DOOR PER PAIR, 5,000 pairs of our famous "FLEECY" White Blankets at enormous reduction. Heavy winter weight. Soft and warm. Guaranteed Broad New. Send 9/11 carries paid. These pairs 9/11. **SEND TO-DAY, THE FIRST XMAS PRESENT YOU COULD BUY** **BRADFORD BLANKET CO.** (Dept. B.), 41, Park Road, Bradford.

The Great AMERICAN DIRIGIBLE

A new Fascinating Toy Airship.



Wonderful novelty for Boys, Girls, Christmas Trees. 34 ins. long, 2 ins. diameter. **SANTA CLAS STOCKING**. **ORDER EARLY! DON'T DELAY!**

SPECIAL PRICE 1/- Post Free. 3 for 3/- 6 for 5/- 12 for 8/- **C. HENDERSON & Co.**, Dept. J.B. 20, Southwark, London, E.C.1.

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Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 24s.

WONDERFUL Little Instrument—New Rotary Knife Sharpener. Your knives always with a keen edge by just a touch. 4/6. Post Free.—**A. Sheldrake**, 488, Grove Green Road, Leytonstone, E.11.

GUNS—Gradual payments. Built up to a standard—not down to a price. Send for list.—**Thomas Wild**, 17, Whitall St., Birmingham.

SPIRIT RAPPING made easy. Humorous Clerical Discourses. Thrilling Recitations, Hand Shadows, Shadow Plays, Plays, Dialogues, Funny Stories, Dreams, Fortunes, Song Books, English, Irish, Scotch Reciters. Send for McElenon's Wonderful Catalogue.—**Felix McElenon**, Ltd. (Dept. 2), 8, City Garden Row, City Road, London.

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REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—**Harris Tweed Depot**, 1, James St., Stornoway.

REAL HARRIS TWEED, all wool, hand-made, now 6/- yard. Patts. post free.—**Mrs. Morrison**, Dept. J.B., Levenshulme, Harris, N.B.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS sets by easy payments. Loud Speakers, 'Phone' Amplifiers. Listen in while paying. Free lists from the makers.—**Townshends**, Ltd., Ernest Street, Birmingham.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins. Catalogue free.—**Douglas**, 99, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

YOU CAN PLAY THE PIANO TO-DAY

by Nauntons National Musical System.



It makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are YOUNG OR OLD, WE GUARANTEE that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

FAILURE IMPOSSIBLE

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once.

Over 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly. If they can do it, so can you.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it to-day.

Let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple and rapid system.

Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you, and give you many years of purest pleasure.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To the Manager, **NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM**, 27, High Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.2.

I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence for which please send me Your Special Instruction Book published at 2/6 containing eight pieces of music, and particulars showing how I can become a thorough musician.

NAME.....DATE.....

ADDRESS.....

Note.—Please fill in postal order payable to Nauntons National Music System.

To Colonial and Foreign readers: British Money and Postal Orders only accepted.

FERRETING PARCEL, containing 6 Purse nets, patent 15 yards Ferret Line, with spring hook, Ferret Collar, Bell and Muzzle; lot, carriage paid 4/6; with 6 extra nets, 7/-; with good Greyhound Ferret, 7/6 extra. Nets, traps, bolting Fusc, Sporting Tackle, all kinds. List free.—**J. Young**, Net Makers, Misterton, Somerset.

LUMINOUS PICTURES with PREMIUM for NEW YEAR, very curious, 6 pictures for 2/6, 12 for 5/-, and 48 for 10/-. Banknotes, checks, P.O. or M.O. Try Money back if not satisfied.—**Paris Picture**, Dept. E.B. in NEUILLY, PLAISANCE, 8, and Gd. France.

"WEMBLEY"—A Game of skill for two; as skillful as Chess, yet a child can play it; different each time you play. 5/-, post free.—**Dept. B.J. Baker**, 8, Aldermanbury Posters, E.C.2.

IDEAL Xmas Gift—Self-filling Fountain Pen, 14-ct gold nib, superb throughout. 5/-.**P.L.**—**Worwood's Stores**, 12, Beer Lane, London.

FURNITURE—Enormous Trade and Private Stocks, now on view. Free delivery. 22ing and packing.—**The Westminster Furniture Galleries**, Ltd., 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, Westminster Bridge Road (backing on to Waterloo Station), London.

THERE are one or two outstanding bargains in Watts, Son and Co.'s advt. on page 33.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

FIGURE DRAWING—Pleasant and profitable course, including 100 valuable study studies, 3/- complete.—**Studio**, 28, Portland Cres., Leeds.

GRAMOPHONES 27/-, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—**Regentbuhl**, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

CONCERTINAS, second-hand, new, English, Anglo, Duet, by Lachenal, Whentstone and Jeffries. Tutors, Music.—**Vickers**, Royal Hill, Greenwich, London.

HOUSE PURCHASE.

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READ the very interesting announcements of the British Commercial Gas Assoc., which appears on page 21. Send for Free Leaflet, No. J.B. "Sunshine."

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R. & J. HILL, LIMITED, the Manufacturers of the famous Shield and Sunripe Brands, are making their usual free gift to the short-sighted and Bethnal Green unemployed (about 4,500) through the Ministry of Labour, Kingsland Road. Each man will receive ten Sunripe Cigarettes and half an ounce of Tobacco.

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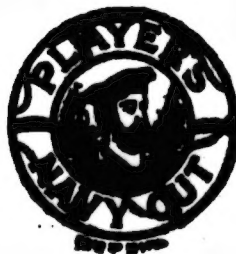


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P 1142



JOHN BULL

For the People—the
Right to Justice and Truth.

Vol. XXXVI. No. 988.
Week ending Saturday,
Dec. 20, 1924. Two pence.

The Paper on which
the Sun never Sets.

This Week—

Special Articles by:

"Woodbine Willie" (The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C., M.A.) on "Breaking Christ's Heart" ...				p. 13
Dr. R. J. Campbell	p. 9	A. G. Gardiner	p. 18	
Harrison Owen	p. 14	"A Gentleman With a Duster"	p. 19	
Arthur Ponsonby, M.P.	p. 15	Sydney A. Mossley	p. 21	
The Rev. E. J. Dukes	p. 15	Leonore Van der Veer	p. 21	
Alex. M. Thompson ("Dangle")	p. 18	Mabel Herner	p. 25	

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HEROICALLY,
LONDON.

A Happy Christmas to You.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Only our Fun.

We are not superstitious, but we don't altogether like the omen of the dense fog in which the new Parliament met! Let's hope it wasn't an omen.

Fit for Heroes!

The vast audience at Mr. Baldwin's Albert Hall meeting sang "Land of Hope and Glory." Did it spare a thought for those who fought for the glory, and who for six years have been left to live on—hope?

Hope.

The King's Speech contained, as was expected, a promise of social legislation of the first importance. But until the promises materialise in Acts of Parliament we shall not be too ready to shout.

Provocative Imperialism.

An expenditure of millions of pounds on the Singapore folly and the prospect of widows' pensions do not square, nor does the former tally with the admirable demand for "stern economy."

More Necessary.

The Government would be better employed in pulling down more of our slums and replacing them with decent houses than with squandering millions on these useless docks.

A Sally on the Alleys.

It is, however, good news that the Government is to proceed with vigour in clearing some of the slum areas. The unhousing problem is every bit as acute as the housing problem.

The Promised Land.

Concerning the latter, many of the larger provincial towns have schemes in hand for building houses of concrete. So it would seem that housing plans, so long discussed in the abstract, are at last to take concrete form.

Ver.b. Sap.

New Zealand newspapers are taking their Premier severely to task. They say bluntly that the only way to increase Imperial trade is to abolish tariffs. Poor Mr. Massey! Poor Mr. Amery!

The Eternal Question.

We hope the Government will soon produce a positive policy for grappling with unemployment. There is no more pressing question, and to hint at Protection is to confess a bankruptcy of ideas.

Industrial Partnership.

The solution of unemployment is as much in the hands of industrialists as in those of the Government. The key is to find ways of producing at a price that will enable the world to buy.

Help the British.

The fact that the Greek Loan was, within an hour, enormously over-subscribed, should have a moral for the Government. Why not a Public Works Loan to help our own people?

The Postponed Protocol.

International politics, like life, has its eternal triangle—debts, armaments, and security. No plan can hope for success that does not embrace all three in a comprehensive scheme.

No Trifle.

If France obtains better terms of debt settlement from America than we did, we say bluntly that our terms must be revised. We want no favours—merely a square deal.

It Makes Us Think.

For a loan of £880,000,000 we are pledged to repay America the colossal sum of £2,400,000,000. The interest on the loan is £1,520,000,000! Usury is not confined to the money-lender.

Watch Winston.

The problem of the Allied Debts has now become a sort of contest between President Coolidge and Winston Churchill. When it comes to collecting the money we back Winston to win.

Out of Danger.

The defeat of both Monarchy and Communism in the German elections is a healthy sign. It justifies the policy of pacific reconstruction made possible by the abolition of Poincaréism.

C'est Bon!

The active steps against Communist plotters in France might be imitated here against our Fascist plotters. They are equally dangerous, even if far more silly.

NEXT TUESDAY.

Owing to the Christmas Holidays,
JOHN BULL will be on sale
throughout the country on Tuesday
next, December 23, instead of Wed-
nesday.

Half-hearted.

We are glad to see that our suggestion has been adopted with regard to the publication of the Foreign Office Archives. But why stop at 1878? It is from then to 1911 that is important.

Need for Statesmanship.

The war drums are beating in the world of Islam, and from Morocco to India the followers of Mahomet are rife for revolt. The Egyptian crisis is at once a warning and a test.

It's a Responsible Paper.

I do not propose, says a writer in the *Yorkshire Observer*, to discuss the crisis in Egypt. But there is far more behind the cry of "oil" than may be believed. We make no comment—yet.

Cooling Down.

The decision of the Farmers' Union to join the conference on agriculture is good. If they are prepared to help themselves they will not lack support from either Government or country.

Can't be Ignored.

Affairs in the mining industry are again moving to a crisis, and when the present wage agreement expires there will be serious trouble unless the matter is taken in hand in time.

Seasonable!

Since August the cost of living has risen 15 per cent. "Seasonal" robbery is again in full swing.

Why Not?

We should have liked to see a working-class housewife on the Royal Commission. She knows where the shoe pinches better than anyone else.

Roll Up!

The enquiry is open to the public, and the public should see to it that full use is made of this fact. Publicity is the most effective medicine for profiteers.

Guilty Consciences?

The butchers—via the *Meat Trades Journal*—are on the warpath against Mr. Baldwin for daring to enquire into meat prices. If they've nothing to hide, what do they fear?

H'm!

From the same journal we read that butchers are buying best English beef at from 7½d. to 8½d. per pound. Remembering what it costs in the shops we can understand their objection to any investigation!

Blood on the Coal.

The economic condition of the miners is desperate, and the recent mine disasters emphasise the deadly peril that forms the everyday atmosphere of their work. We demand that they be given justice.

Professorial Punk.

When a professor opens his mouth on practical politics he not infrequently puts his foot in it. If Prof. Carr-Saunders really thinks that a family of five can be adequately fed to-day on 26s. 3d. per week we can only say that his reputation for brains has been sadly over-estimated.

The Eleventh Commandment.

Immediate steps are to be taken to carry out the chief recommendations of the Committee on the use of harmful preservatives and coloring matter in food. The sooner "Thou shalt not commit adulteration" appears in the Statute Book the better.

Playing with Fire.

Another dangerous idea in the minds of the Cabinet is the "reform" of the House of Lords in the direction of a severer check on the House of Commons. The Parliament Act must not be tampered with.

Naturally.

When New Zealand went back to the penny post the result was a profit of £638,000. Now, Mr. Postmaster-General!

Undergrads or Supercads?

Displays of undergraduate hooliganism were a disagreeable feature at several London theatres on the evening following the Oxford and Cambridge Rugby match. We can only remark, unsweet are the abuses of the 'Varsity.

Lessons Unlearned.

The Marquis of Exeter is of opinion that "so long as the Empire remains the great force it is to-day, the peace of the world is assured." We have looked in vain for his explanation of what went wrong with the idea in 1914.

The Commotion of Emotion.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks was wise in refusing to be coerced into granting a reprieve to the Hull murderer. Though we may sometimes differ in opinion, the integrity of our Home Office is historical. Hull wanted to make it hysterical.

Legalised Illegality.

The methods of the Spanish Inquisition seem to be favoured by the police when they wish to get incriminating evidence about Post Office thieves. The Home Office should see that someone is read a sharp lesson on British justice and fair play.

Amend the Act!

Between now and April the question of the Sunday opening of Wembley must be forced to a successful issue. It was one of the causes of the failure, and an ancient law must not be allowed to strangle it again.

Bernard the Wise.

Bernard Shaw's advice to the Soviet Government to laugh at the Third International and forget Karl Marx is sound common-sense. The Labour Party, equally with the Soviet, should take to heart his pungent refutation of Bolshevism.

Another Puzzle.

Mr. Ponsonby says the Labour Party is not a class Party. Mr. Wheatley says there will be no progress until they realise they are engaged in a class struggle. We say nothing. We just smile.

Spade Work.

The Ministry of Transport is busy scheduling alternative traffic routes for use when the principal thoroughfares are "up" for repair. Will it accept a hint—to ensure that these alternative routes are not "up" simultaneously—or is it too uppish?

The Tec and the Woman.

We share Sir Ernest Wild's contempt for the methods used by Detective Fairweather in going to the wife of an accused man and getting information from her to help to jail her husband. The man is a rogue and has now gone to prison, but the Old Bailey Recorder spoke our views when he said of the detective's trick, "It is not fair play and it is contrary to British justice."

Fair Play and Fair Pay.

Lord Burnham's acceptance of the position of arbitrator in the teachers' dispute is a guarantee that the case will be well and truly tried. Nevertheless, we would emphasise once again that the money for brain-workers must not be parsimony.

Ducal Munificence.

The action of Mr. J. B. Duke, the American tobacco "king," in giving £8,000,000 for philanthropic and educational work is a noble one. Even Mr. Lloyd George would hesitate to abolish a Duke of this nature.

Why Houses are Dear.

As thoughtless people are blaming bricklayers entirely for houses being too dear to live in, we recommend them to the evidence of the Clitheroe Corporation Surveyor. Contractors offered to build six-roomed houses for £1,313. Clitheroe, instead of paying through the nose, is building the houses itself for under £700. That lets a searchlight on the cat in the contractors' bag!

Getting Up Steam.

At last there is a gleam of daylight in the railway tunnel. The Southern has promised cleaner and faster trains on the North Kent section, and that laggard company is spending £5,000,000 on improvements. Belated though the change of spirit is, we welcome it. In September 6,014,079 more passengers were carried by British lines. One way of relieving road congestion is to so improve railways that even a Southern Railway train will travel as fast as a motor-car.

The Human Machine.

Courage

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

WRITING on "Character Building" some weeks ago I said, "We can only become efficient by behaving efficiently." Let us look further at the question of Fear, and apply this maxim to it.



There would be no problem if fears could always be banished by saying boldly, "I am not afraid. I have no fears." A good many of them can, if this suggestion is continually used, believed, and relied on, but not all.

The surest way to conquer fear is to cultivate courage.

It is the difference we have met with before between a positive and a negative outlook on life.

It is the pessimist who fears, and lags behind. The optimist hopes, and goes forward unafraid.

Many people are painfully self-depreciatory of their abilities and powers, and of their value to the world. They give themselves credit for very little.

It is this self-depreciation that so often induces undue sensitiveness, timidity and fear. A certain school that proudly flaunts the motto, "Believing in myself, what is there I cannot accomplish?" has come very near the root of the fear problem. And it has certainly disclosed the secret of courage.

True courage, the ability to forge ahead in the face of known or imagined obstacles, demands will-power, purpose and sincerity.

No one can be courageous who is insincere; and to be honest with oneself is as important as to be honest with others.

Believe in yourself, believe in the purpose that inspires your thought and your action, believe in the promise of the future, and place less reliance on its threats—attune your mind to a constructive and positive view of your place in life, and you will develop courage all right.

And as courage develops, so will fear vanish.

In the Land of Cakes.

Sweet Edinburgh! But this does not apply to all its areas. In one there are 110 houses to the acre, and 90 per cent. of the dwellings have only one or two rooms. Existence is a problem under such conditions.

Safety First.

Deaths under anaesthetics have been far too common of late, even ordinary dentists' gas having claimed several victims. It is a fair inference that doctors and nurses know far less about the science of anaesthesia than they ought to do. A scientific commission should be set up to frame precautions for the greater safety of patients called upon to face these risks.

Melodrama.

Melodramatic imaginings in regard to alleged plots against Ministers are not what one expects from British statesmen, and the sooner the taxpayer is spared the burden of the police protection the better for our reputation of sanity. The latest Egyptian plot scare suggests that there are people in Whitehall with gifts as comic opera producers.

Stupidity.

Official ineptitude could hardly have gone further than it did in the extradition proceedings against Capt. Arthur. What are we to think of a department which sets the costly machinery of the law in motion when the treaty under which action was taken clearly barred proceedings where the actual offence was committed in France or had occurred more than three years previously?

Tommies in Egypt.

Our candid communication to Lord Allenby a few weeks ago regarding an order compelling British soldiers using the Egyptian State Railways to travel third class had a salutary effect. The correspondent who brought the grievance to our notice informs us that the offensive order has been withdrawn and the Tommies are now allowed to travel second class.

Messengers of Death.

Germans who come into British ports in ships are sometimes smugglers in the garb of seamen, carrying dope to wretched ruined souls who hang about the docks to obtain supplies by secret and illicit methods. Others bring in un-Customed spirits and find ready buyers. One of the smugglers caught at Glasgow was fined £30—a sharp lesson to others of his type.

One Among Many.

Here and there we come across property-owners who belie all the harsh words that the mob-orating Socialists use against that class. Such a one is . . . who owns houses at Strood in Kent and he has resolutely refused to increase the rent of his houses above the amount he charged in pre-war days. While the rent of houses adjoining has been increased by 40 per cent., his 6s. houses are 6s. a week even yet.

On a Wife's Mind.

We are sorry for Mabel Winnett who gave herself up to the police for bigamy. After parting from her lawful husband who did not bother to support her, she met George Thomas Winnett, of North Kensington, went through a form of marriage with him, and was so happy that she dared not risk his anger by telling her secret to him. He found out—and was naturally upset. But he has asked her to return to their home and children, and she has a chance of regaining a good man's trust.

Pensions Trebled.

It is quite possible that you could obtain treble the pension you are now drawing if the facts of your case were properly represented to the Ministry. After the matter had been placed in our hands, the pension awarded to Mrs. E. Smith, of 22, Henley Street, Far Cotton, Northampton, was increased from 5s. to 10s. 7d. a week, and that of Mrs. Hannah Brunton, of 7, Havelock Place, Backworth, from 5s. 4d. to 15s. a week. If you are in any doubt on the point, write to John BULL about it.

The Veronal Vice.

It is surely an amazing oversight that veronal, an insidious and powerful narcotic drug, has not yet been scheduled under the Dangerous Drugs Act. At a recent City inquest the coroner's jury recommended this too-long-delayed precaution. The Home Office should act at once.

Liquor and Lucre.

Latest advices from the "dry" domain of Uncle Sam reveal the existence of a £10,000,000 trust for the purpose of the illicit traffic in "booze." No doubt the hard-headed investors see good prospects of getting their money back. A law that outruns public opinion inevitably becomes an engine of corruption.

Women in Trouble.

Many anguished women are tempted to do wrong to right themselves, and in this way fall into the hands of unscrupulous quacks. Coloured water and rubbishy pills are the stock-in-trade of many of these ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge, who fleece the poor women without mercy. What are the police doing in the matter?

Fleeing the Football Fans.

Tempting odds induced a number of readers to take up agencies for football coupon betting with Fred Dean & Co., 28, High Street, W.C. Their experience should teach them to beware in future of unknown bookmakers who offer long odds, for on applying for winnings they have received letters saying, "Please note owing to financial difficulties this business has failed and we have, therefore, closed this office." We suspect the firm was successful in fleeing a good many punters.

Dismal Dishonesty.

A Durham miner who tries to keep his home together by making and selling inlaid wood pictures thought he had found a good customer in a Mr. Leonard Wilson, of Henry Street, Heaton Park, Manchester, who asked for four of these pictures, valued at 25s. each, to be sent on approval. Requests for payment met with no response, and our letter was returned marked "Present address not known." If Wilson is not lost to all sense of shame he will settle up.

A Rampant Rogue.

Ernest Burns, the photograph enlargement rogue whose rascalities we have repeatedly exposed, seems to be still carrying on his disgraceful business at 44, Mount View Road, Stroud Green, N. The latest complaint to reach us comes from a poor old age pensioner of eighty-six who entrusted a cherished portrait of her dear departed daughter to him and had a hard struggle to pay his charges, only to find, like so many more, that she can obtain neither the enlargement nor the return of the original photograph.

The Great Idea.

For a person who calls himself a "Man of Ideas," Clifford Higgitt, of "Efficiency House," 68, Bright Street, Wolverhampton, shows a sad lack of originality. He advertises for agents, and sends applicants a circular offering fifteen money-making propositions worth 5s. each for 5s. the lot, throwing in without extra charge six articles retailable at 2s. each, with instructions how to dispose of them so as to recoup themselves for their outlay and make a good profit. If that does not prove attractive enough he promptly reduces his price to 2s. 6d. The great idea seems to be to find a fool and set him searching for others.

Money for Nothing.

A reader who answered an advertisement in a London daily paper for men to polish and clean stone received the following remarkable reply, scrawled on a sheet of inferior scribbling paper: "4, St. Peter's Paved Row, West Great Yarmouth. Dear Sir, your letter to hand. Please send refs if any (copies only) enclose 5s. as security. Will advise when and where to start wages paid and hours worked. If I don't put you on to job will return refs and security. Please write in early unskilled labour only Ben Gordon Foreman." This is as audacious an attempt to obtain money for nothing as we have seen.

Problems of Life.**The Mistletoe Bough**

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.



est ing information on the subject in his monumental work, "The Golden Bough."

The best answer is that it represents life and beauty nourished on the bosom of strength and stability. The oak on which the mistletoe grows has ever been the symbol of might and endurance. It stands firm against winter storms and lasts for ages.

That the delicate mistletoe plant should spring from the heart of the oak at the very darkest and dearest period of the solar year, was naturally viewed by our ancestors as a phenomenon possessing mystic significance.

It does so still. There is a superstition against introducing the mistletoe in church decoration at the Christmas season, probably because of its ancient association with pagan rites, including human sacrifices; but there is good reason for giving it prominence in our happy social gatherings as we are accustomed to do.

THE mistletoe has been associated from dim prehistoric ages in northern climes with the festival we now call Christmas.

Why? More than one answer could be given to the question. Sir J. G. Fraser has collected much inter-

Think of it as suggesting grace and gladness deriving from protecting love, for that is its most obvious meaning.

Every bright and happy home, every loyal and affectionate family, every joyous and friendly company is symbolised by the mistletoe bough.

There is always an oak somewhere in the background, some strong and tender heart that has made the charm and delight possible.

The mistletoe can also be grafted upon the oak and flourish better upon one tree than another, and the transfer is often made by cultivators.

HEREIN is a parable. There are many solitary souls who never feel so lonely as at Christmas time, for the reason that other people's merriment helps to intensify their own friendlessness.

To be without friends is not always a person's own fault.

The sad and isolated are not few in these days of loss and mournful memories. They should be grafted into happy circles that they may forget their griefs and grow their joys anew.

We should all act in the spirit of Hartley Coleridge's exhortation:

Let not the hearts, whose sorrow cannot call

This Christmas merry, slight the festival;

Let us be merry that may merry be,

But let us not forget that many mourn.

All occasion of rejoicing is magnified by being shared.

Keeping a Secret.

An advertisement, "Inquiries invited from men desirous of earning good money but lacking the necessary capital or experience," which recently appeared continuously for a week in a London daily paper, probably brought many applications to Thomas H. Hewitt, of 45, Nassington Road, Hampstead, N.W., who inserted it, but only fools would accede to his bland request for £1 1s. before he discloses how they can earn in their spare time anything up to £15 a week. Wise men will realise that his secret, if it is worth anything, is worth keeping.

The Open Hand.

"C. J. Longhurst, who calls himself an ex-jockey and "The Only Public Turf Adviser residing at Newmarket" (!) sends unsolicited offers of tips telling people that the fact that he has lost his left hand prevents him riding but enables him to get news unobtainable by others. It is difficult to follow the argument, but if this is so his remaining hand should be kept sufficiently busy counting his own winnings to leave him little time for writing laborious letters in lead pencil touting for small sums of money.

"Colonel" Crook.

An individual calling himself "Colonel" A. J. Cecil Campbell, who until recently rented a furnished room at 34, Charlwood Street, S.W., seems to have adopted methods of replenishing his wardrobe most unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. Replying to an advertisement offering a second-hand mackintosh and an overcoat for 15s. and 42s. respectively, he obtained them on approval without payment, and then disappeared, taking the garments and many other articles obtained in the same manner with him. The man is obviously a crook who has assumed the rank of colonel in order to inspire confidence. Readers who have suffered from his deception should communicate with the police.

Reader's Home Gutted by Fire

"JOHN BULL" PAYS £150

See page 2.

Tricking the Farmers.

Farmers' times in winter months are often hard, and just now are being made more difficult in the North by tricksters. The suspicion is that a gang of men are at work obtaining poultry, etc., for which at this season there is a quick sale. They make no payments, and clear off leaving no addresses. A mean swindle on farmers.

Strange?

A reader who took up a football coupon agency for Henry Heath, 17, Oxenden Street, Haymarket, S.W., and had a heavy claim for winnings disputed, has received, after much delay, a letter informing him of the dismissal of the late manager, stating that the coupons in question cannot be traced, and returning his stakes. What puzzles our reader, as it puzzles us, is how Henry Heath could ascertain the amount of the stakes involved if he was unable to trace the coupons.

More Oil Gush.

A. A. Hall & Co., of 711, Seventeenth Street, Denver, Colorado, must be added to the swarm of share peddlers who are deluging this country with gush about oil. Their equipment includes a "newspaper" entitled the *Western Financial Reporter*, which purports to be "published in the interest of investors and speculators." We advise anyone who desires to invest or speculate in oil shares to consult a reputable stockbroker and not be led away into parting with money to touts of whom they know nothing.

A Club Without £1.

While working on munitions during the war a reader purchased through his shop steward a £1 share in the A.S.E. Institute, now known as the Amalgamated Engineering Union Newcastle and District Club and Institute, Ltd., it being understood that the money would be repayable with interest on demand. Having long since left the district, he has repeatedly asked for this refund, but the only reply forthcoming is that the Club is still in serious financial difficulties owing to industrial depression and that his request cannot at present be complied with. If it is in such a state that it cannot pay out a single £1 share it should be wound up.

A CHRISTMAS EVE PLOT

DOCTOR'S MYSTERIOUS TELEPHONE MESSAGE

The Coup that did not Come Off

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year and with it always comes a violent, or one might almost say a virulent, outbreak of activity on the part of charity-mongers.

The "Ballot" is the favourite medium of these activities, and we are glad to see that Lord Knutsford, perhaps the greatest living authority on charity organisation, has protested against ballots being run by outside speculators.

We have shown the dangers of these wild-cat ballot schemes in our exposures of the Victory Corps' Motor Ballot, the Bungalow Ballot, and the Housing Ballot, all of which have been put out of operation after disastrous careers.

We hope that we have put another one out of operation, thanks to the prompt and prudent action of Doctor F. P. de Caux, of 8, Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

Doctor de Caux got a telephone message from a gentleman named F. Hill-Wood, of Harborough Road, Streatham, S.W., who claimed to have met him at Bournemouth, amongst other places.

Mr. Hill-Wood explained that he was trying to collect money for a charity, and asked Doctor de Caux to help by paying the cost of the appeal in return for which he would get half the amount allowed for expenses.

Doctor de Caux regarded this as a very suspicious offer, and immediately communicated its substance to us. Mr. Hill-Wood was invited to put his proposal in writing, which he did.

The letter pointed out that appeals were to be made on Christmas Eve to twelve thousand tested private

individuals, and should result in the collection of between two and three thousand pounds.

In effect, Doctor de Caux was asked to give £60, the estimated cost of appeal, and was in return to get 7½ per cent. on, say, £2,500, which comes to nearly £200!

He, of course, scouted the proposal, but, in consultation with us, asked Mr. Hill-Wood to supply him with further particulars.



Lord Knutsford, who has warned the public against bogus charities.

They were quite amazing. Mr. Hill-Wood waited upon him and, stating that he was the proprietor of the Imperial Press Agency, Victoria Street, S.W., proposed to raise the money by a ballot, the price

of the tickets for which was to be half-a-crown, and the winner was to receive £250.

Mr. Hill-Wood went on to observe, in his lamest concern for charity, that he could "arrange" that the ballot could be won by some trustworthy friend who would return the prize immediately if he were paid £5 for his trouble.

He added, under pressure from Doctor de Caux, that the secretary of the Westminster Charity Committee had given him a letter authorising him to organise a dinner fund for poor London children.

The cat was out of the bag, and if Doctor de Caux had known at the moment what we have since been able to tell him about the Westminster Charity Committee he would

have called in the police and invited them to deal with the matter.

The Westminster Charity Committee is an old acquaintance, though we cannot say an old friend, of ours.

It was run for years by a wily and hypocritical old rascal named Walter Blackburn. Walter is now some seventy years of age, and it may please him to reflect that for the past fifty years he has lived by collecting money for charity and keeping the bulk of the proceeds for himself.

One ought to say that there was an interval of six months in which he lived, at the expense of others, though not altogether on charity. That was while he was in jail for irregularities in connection with charitable appeals.

About a year ago a man named Spence, a collector for the Westminster Charity Committee, was sent to jail for three months, for endeavouring to procure charitable contributions by a false pretence.

The magistrate, Mr. Mead, described the Westminster Charity Committee's methods as reprehensible and scandalous, and its selection of collectors as most unfortunate, seeing that in the case before him the collector had already been five times previously convicted, as a thief and a cheat!

The Commissioner of Police has issued a notice warning the public against the Westminster Charity which has not been withdrawn.

We think it is still unfortunate in its selection of collectors and we advise Mr. Hill-Wood, whose scheme for a fake ballot Doctor de Caux so kindly helped us to unravel and expose, to mend his manners, or to take the consequences which we warn him will be distinctly unpleasant.

Men They Can't Arrest

Plunder without blunder

SINCE first we referred to the dangerous international gang who practise the "Long Firm Fraud," the police have brought to book certain members.

The real trouble, however, is that the rogues who have been run to earth only worked on the fringe of the traffic; they were merely agents of the master swindlers who control the gang from behind the scenes.

Thousands of honest British traders in a small way of business are faced with ruin because of these rascals, and it is clear that the police must tackle this matter more seriously.

The methods of the Long Firm Fraud Gang—controlled by two swindlers with many aliases, whose real names appear to be Fisher and Markosky, and who are both still at large, are simple. A firm orders goods from local traders on credit, giving what seem to be excellent references, and pays up to time on the first two or three transactions. Then it orders larger and much more valuable quantities of goods and disappears to dispose of the stolen articles elsewhere.

The Bogus Firms

When the duped traders make enquiries they find, as thousands have already done to their amazement, that the ordering firm was entirely bogus, and that the excellent "references" came from other members of the gang occupying temporary offices!

The police are almost baffled by the Long Firm Fraud Society, and while Scotland Yard detectives are pursuing their enquiries concerning the two leading culprits to whom we refer, we think they might find some very interesting information if they go carefully into the career of a notorious rascal named Samuel Keontz Bloom.

Bloom came to England from Latvia, Russia. After posing as a reputable business man for some years he brought off his great coup. He obtained thousands of pounds worth of goods on credit from hundreds of different British traders and, selling them below cost, pocketed his ill-gotten gains and paid no one.

Merry Game of Plunder

Even when a receiving order was made against him he went on indifferently in his merry game of plunder, and in this way, while this order was out against him, obtained further goods to the value of nearly £20,000!

When the Registrar in Bankruptcy compelled Bloom to attend court for examination, he made one appearance and then bolted abroad. When he thought the storm had blown over he quietly crept back to England.

Bloom has just gone to jail for nine months—an amazingly inadequate sentence. What of the many other rascals who were actively associated with Bloom in this swindling conspiracy?

Tyranny and Tears

High-handed action; but a low-down trick

IT is possible that some of the simple folk who inhabit the village of Cockshutt, near Ellesmere, Salop, still preserve the bucolic attitude of mind represented by "God bless the squire and his relations and keep us in our proper stations." After the events of the last few weeks we think it is more likely that in their hearts they see things differently, and apply all the picturesque punishments contained in the psalms to C. Emberton, Esquire, Magistrate and Chairman of the Ellesmere Rural District Council.

Nor can they be blamed for it, seeing the treatment meted out by that magnate to a poor widow with seven children, the eldest thirteen and the youngest only five.

The widow's name is Ethel Beckett, and until recently she lived in a cottage with her brother, William Gibson, who was employed as a cowman by C. Emberton, Esquire.

About a year ago Gibson sustained

injuries while at work, and experienced great difficulty in obtaining compensation, which was only paid after the National Union of Agricultural Workers took the matter up.

After that Gibson's position on the farm became so unbearable that he felt compelled to give notice to terminate his employment. He immediately received notice to quit the cottage, and later an ejectment order was obtained.

Appeals to the landlord to delay the execution of this order, pointing out the terrible hardship that would be inflicted upon the widow and her seven children, proved unavailing. They did not even meet with the courtesy of a reply.

On the appointed day an urgent message for help was sent to the vicar. What he saw as he approached the cottage was a pile of furniture heaped outside and a weeping mother with seven terri-

fied children grouped around her. The kindly pastor at once sent the distracted family to the vicarage and called a meeting at the village schools.

The meeting was adjourned until the evening, and telephone messages appealing for intervention were sent to members of the District Council, the County Agricultural Committee.

These proved unavailing, and a crowded meeting later passed resolutions which were sent to the Parish, District and County Councils.

The cottage remained empty for over a month, during which the widow and two children were housed and fed at the vicarage. The family are still scattered about the village, there being no accommodation available for them together.

Well may people rub their eyes and wonder whether this is Christian England!

GIRL'S NIGHTMARE IN CHINATOWN

BRITISH GIRL'S TERRIBLE LIFE WITH AN OPIUM-SMOKING,
DRUG-SMUGGLING ORIENTAL HUSBAND

A Narrative which reveals facts Stranger than Fiction

WHEN Thomas Hood wrote his famous poem, "The Song of the Shirt," he struck a blow against injustice and hardship and the torturing of defenceless women that still reverberates throughout the world and awakens a fierce indignation in all humane people.

To-day there is need for another Thomas Hood to startle public opinion and shock it into the realisation of the appalling misery and suffering inflicted upon British-born girls and women by rascally Chinese undesirables.

A few years ago a young winsome, good-natured and attractive girl, reached London from her village home. She came of a good family. Her father was a soldier and all her five brothers fought to preserve civilisation in the great war. The girl remained at home, and we shall see what the civilisation her brothers fought for meant for her. She very soon found employment.

The Man who Watched.

She noticed that a young Chinese was persistently watching her and, with an air of dog-like devotion, following her about. At first his persistence merely amused her. He discovered where she lived, and when she came out of the house she would always find him standing there with his bland and simple air of respectful devotion.

One evening, as she was going home from work, he spoke to her. Respectfully raising his hat and smiling affably, he asked her if she would accept from him a little present. He pressed into her hand a ring.

She was astonished. She scarcely knew what to make of it. But she took his gesture to mean that he wished to pay honourable attentions.

In this way the acquaintance was made, and Ah Soo—that is his name—pressed his advances tactfully. He was very good to her. He bought her many little presents. He took her to West End restaurants to dinner, and to theatres and music-halls. For the lonely country girl in London he opened with a golden key the paradise of hectic pleasure.

Yellow and White.

They were married in due course at the Church of St. John the Baptist in Great Marlborough Street, W., Ah Soo being described as the son of Chee Hoy, a retired farmer in China.

After a short while she began to discover the kind of man Ah Soo really was. For a time they lived at various addresses in Soho, and then she found that Ah Soo was not a Chinese aristocrat but a Chinese seaman coolie who, when he chose to work, was a kitchen boy in a West End hotel. But he had plenty of money, and slowly the suspicion dawned upon her that he was getting it from the opium trade.

They drifted down to Limehouse, and there, behind bolted doors and shuttered windows, his wife learned the dreadful lesson of what it meant to be married to a Chinese brute without morals, without character, without mercy.

By this time her first child had come, a laughing, slant-eyed, half-caste boy. On him she lavished all the affection of a woman disappointed in her hopes of happiness.

Ah Soo ill-treated her. She learned that he was a drug addict. He would



Mrs. Soo and her two children

disappear for days at a time and come home dazed, exhausted, sullen and resentful.

She tried to reform him. But he got steadily worse. He had lost his position as a kitchen boy, as his employers found that he was stealing their property, and they discharged him without a character.

Gambling and Opium Den.

After being thus dismissed he was worse than ever. He beat and insulted his wife. She was compelled to go out to work. He smoked opium and gambled the hours away while she worked like a slave.

Then he opened a gambling and opium den at their house at 49, Pennyfields, and compelled his white wife to assist him in his dreadful activities.

She was helpless, a poor lost soul in Limehouse, and, for the sake of her children, she put up with conditions that steadily reduced her to the lowest degradations of Eastern vice.

Under threats of violence she was compelled to wait upon the Chinese outcasts and degraded dago seamen who came there to smoke the pipe of oblivion and wallow in the squalid pleasures of its abandoned devotees.

The house was filled not only with these brutes, but with wretched white women who were sunk in the mire of

Chinatown. But even these poor creatures had more generosity than Ah Soo.

Once, when he threatened to assault her, some of these women intervened. There was a struggle. The Chinese brute was beaten, and his wife ran screaming from the house to seek the protection of the police.

Hell Upon Earth.

Ah Soo's den at 49, Pennyfields was watched, and ultimately he was brought before the Thames Police Court and sent to jail for three months for trafficking in drugs.

His defence was the cowardly observation that his white wife had quarrelled with him and had given him away!

He was not ordered for deportation. Why, we do not know. He is a Chinese subject and is here under the protection of the representatives of the Chinese Republic. Why was he not sent back to China?

The woman's life with Ah Soo was hell upon earth. The police were her only hope. Time after time she has had to seek their protection.

When he came out of jail after this term he was even worse than before. Happily for her he left her and went to sea. She took in lodgers in the desperate struggle to feed and clothe herself and the children.

By this time she was nearly down and out, a pathetic wreck, fighting as a forlorn outcast for her innocent children.

Pennyfields is a poor district with a moral code of the lowest. Her lodgers were of the class that drift down to the depths of degradation and despair.

Amongst those who lodged with her were a black man and a white woman. This woman quarrelled with her and threatened to expose her. Frightened to death, without resources, her husband at sea, she was at her wits' end.

The Woman Arrested.

Her hacking cough grew worse, her strength was steadily going, and it seemed that nowhere in her darkened world could she turn for help. She had not received any money from Ah Soo since he went away, many months before.

Then another blow fell: She was arrested for an offence concerning a disorderly house. She sat in the dock, faint and dazed, scarcely realising what was going on. All she knew was that, ill-treated and degraded as she had been, she had done her best, in circumstances beyond her control, to win bread for her half-caste children.

The magistrate sentenced her to jail for two months, reluctantly as it would appear from his remark that she had been more sinned against than sinning.

This poor English girl was carried off to jail. She was put straight into the prison hospital. There she met Lily Brentano, who was carried in shrieking, cursing and fighting. JOHN BULL had previously exposed Lily Brentano's activities and called her "The New Dope Queen."

Our exposure had been followed by her conviction, a thing we do not regret because our object was to save others from the dreadful fate of poor girls like Mrs. Ah Soo.



Ah Soo

Her Possessions Gone.

The wretched Lily Brentano lay strapped to her bed, foaming at the mouth, her limbs convulsively twitching, as she cried for the "snow" out of which she had once made profits enough to keep a motor-car, but which in the end left her a human wreck whom the authorities thought would die in jail.

When Mrs. Ah Soo came out of jail she went to Pennyfields to find that most of her poor possessions were gone. She had discovered where her husband was working and had written asking for money. He sent her an occasional remittance, then wrote saying that he would not come back to her any more but he might come to see his children. She could do what she liked, and he concluded: "Don't send me any more letter, Chee Soo."

To-day she is a broken and ruined woman. She cannot get her children out of the workhouse because she cannot keep them. She is suffering from chronic consumption in abject poverty and despair. She has worn the same clothes she left prison in for many months without a change.

Who can blot from her mind her awful sufferings, as when once Ah Soo threatened to shoot her because she would not obey his order to wait upon some dozen dreadful denizens of his opium smoking den?

The Moral.

It is a terrible story of a white woman degraded by a Chinese immigrant into this country.

Why are they allowed to come? Why are they allowed to marry English girls? Why are they not deported to their own country when it is proved by convictions in court that they have abused the hospitality of this?

These are the questions we ask over the broken body of poor Mrs. Ah Soo. What answer have the authorities to make?

Navvy and the Noodles

A hole in the law

NAVVIES had better take heed of a case at Govan, where John O'Loane was charged with digging up the street.

He had been instructed by his employer to do it in order to connect a pipe to a new erection. The authorities had to prosecute the man who made the hole because the Statute said nothing about the man who caused the hole to be made.

Another man was charged with O'Loane, but the law got him off. He pointed out that his share of the job was to fill in the hole which left the lawyers bowled out.

The strange part was that the filling-in was apparently defective, for a motor-car, going over the filled-in hole, bumped and broke an axle. The man who made the hole well and truly got fined £1, the man who filled it in not so well but quite as truly, was let off, and the man who ordered it to be made could not be prosecuted.

The law may be an ass under certain tests. But we hope that it will be strong enough to prevent rival authorities constantly making holes in the road with immunity, and thus causing a large and irritating part of our traffic problems.

Agency Snares

Jars for job-hunters

THE County Councils of this country very properly make regulations to control the business of agencies of all kinds which deal with the finding of employment in return for fees.

These regulations are for the purpose of protecting applicants, and it is compulsory that all agencies shall keep proper registers and copies of the advertisements they use.

People who infringe these regulations should be severely dealt with. Lily Iannion, who advertised for servants from her private address, and then informed the applicants that she had put their names on her books, was fined £10 and £2 2s. costs for this breach of the regulations. She did not keep proper books which would show the nature of the business she was carrying on.

The trouble about unlicensed registry offices is that they can extort fees on any scale when they may have no vacancies at all.

We hope it will teach her and others a lesson.

Donald T. Heaysman, the person frequently criticised in these columns, who recently had the audacity to print and sell a pamphlet purporting to be an exposure of JOHN BULL, has just been before the court for a similar offence.

The L.C.C. came to us for information about Heaysman, and the sequel was that he was last week fined £20 and £10 10s. costs for running an unlicensed agency.

CHILD'S LIVING TOMB

Little Reggie Ford Sent to Lunatic Asylum

Little Reggie Ford.



OUR readers will remember the amazing story of how little Reggie Ford, a mere babe of seven years of age, was brought before a Court of law on a petty delinquency that was but a childish prank and sentenced to the savage punishment of eight years' incarceration in a reformatory.

We protested at the time against this monstrous torture. Little Reggie was not a criminal in any sense of the word. How could such a babe be a dangerous ruffian?

There could only be one excuse that with any show of decency could be put forward for such appalling harshness, and that is that Reggie would be better away from his home influences.

It cannot be put forward in this instance. Reggie's parents are above reproach, and it was the father himself, in his anxiety for his boy's welfare, who first told of his little son's delinquency to the police.

He thought Reggie would get a warning; he never dreamed that his

erring kiddie would get what may be a life sentence.

Poor little Reggie Ford suffered terribly in confinement. His days were tolerable to him, but his nights were an endless horror of sobbing and convulsions, and he screamed and cried for his mother—as though his little heart would break.

What we feared has happened. Little Reggie has broken down under the strain and has now been classified as mentally deficient and put in one of the Metropolitan Asylums Board institutions.

After we had communicated with the Home Secretary he ordered a special investigation, and Reggie was sent to stay, for a while, with relatives. That proved, however, only a temporary expedient, and after he had returned to his place of incarceration he grew steadily worse.

We do not believe this child is mentally deficient. Here is the last letter he wrote to his parents:

"DEAR MA and DAD,—I hope you are both well. I was glad to hear

that Ma arrived home safely and found all well there. Give my love to Noel, Ronnie and all the others. I am quite well and have had some happy times since you were here.

"Sister Marian took me to the pictures on Friday, and we saw Hutch in the Adventures; also a boxing match between Carpentier and Tunney, in which Carpentier was knocked out. I go to the Queen's Hall practices, and I am learning some nice little nursery rhymes and songs. Please excuse writing. I remain, Your Loving Son, REGINALD FORD."

Is this the letter of a mental deficient, for Reggie is not yet ten? It was written just before he was certified as an asylum case, and while he was getting on, except for the terrible torture of insomnia.

Once again we ask the Home Secretary to look into the case. Will he not help to save this boy?

The Missing Shylock

Stranded victims of moneylender who packed his bags and stole away.

SINCE, a fortnight ago, we made some exclusive and sensational revelations concerning the moneylending firm of Lendal, Ltd., which took thousands of pounds as security from its employees and suddenly suspended business, we have discovered a good deal more about the manner in which the concern was conducted.

The most active of the three directors, all related to one another and possessing the same surname, is Mr. Henry Gordon Lewin. This gentleman was managing director of Lendal, Ltd., and appears to have a good deal to answer for.

After spending some months in taking sums varying from £100 to £300 from unemployed ex-soldiers in search of employment, in return for which he gave them work as "investigators," Lewin apparently came to the conclusion that he could not continue his singular conduct any longer, and thereupon retired

from the head office of Lendal, Ltd., at 94, Queen's Road, Bayswater, and secluded himself for a time at the Strand Palace Hotel.

Approached there by one of the firm's employees as to where were the thousands of pounds held by the firm as "security"—which money, of course, should obviously have been held in trust—Mr. Lewin was very evasive. He did not seem to know exactly where the other directors were, but informed his enquiring employee that his brother, Arthur Lewin, was in France.

It is strange that Mr. H. G. Lewin did not know where the third director was, since, according to the files at Somerset House, she is his own wife!

After our article a notice was posted on the door of 94, Queen's Road, Bayswater, to this effect: "Owing to the absence of the Managing Director the offices are closed until further notice. All communications should be sent by post."

The whole business is a scandal; and on behalf of the large number of poor ex-soldiers who cannot get their money back, we hope the authorities will act.

Lendal, Ltd., was, apart from its objectionable "employment with investment" ramp, a fee-snatching concern, and a large number of people paid it fees in respect of loans and advances they never got. The employees are entitled to the fullest redress the law of this country provides.

We understand the difficulty of probing this scandal fully is owing to the absence of Mr. H. G. Lewin and the fact that no information can be obtained as to where the thousands of pounds invested as security are—or have gone. But as victims are now lodging signed statements with the police, we think that prompt action should be taken to find Lewin and make him give a full explanation of his disastrous conduct.

Lucky Stars—as per Invoice

THE word "lunatic" means, from its derivation, a person who is affected by the moon which, in former days, was supposed to cause insanity.

The stars are apparently much better behaved, because they can tell you all sorts of beneficial things, such as how to back winning horses, to invest money profitably, or even to find a good wife.

But if you go out star-gazing to look for a wife you may break your neck by falling into the ditch. The better way is to consult a gentleman named Courtenay Arundel, of 22, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

He says that he can help people to

make money, to avoid losses, or to solve any important financial problem if you pay him his fees. He does it by astrology, or by deductions from the relative positions of the stars.

There may be people foolish enough to believe that the movement of the heavenly bodies has been arranged by Providence to enable Mr. Courtenay Arundel to charge fees for advising on mundane business affairs. They ought to be in a staratic, if not a lunatic, asylum. Though you bray the fool with a pestle and a mortar yet will not his folly depart from him.

If you want to see Mr. Arundel personally you can do so by paying

him 10s. which, as he points out, is less than the cost of a good business lunch. That may be.

But if you pay 10s. for lunch, though this may not always be good business, you at least get your lunch for your 10s. From Mr. Courtenay Arundel you get a farrago of nonsense called "Horary Astrology."

How he can persuade people that the position of the stars, at a given moment, can affect a transaction on the Stock Exchange for the advantage of a single individual without affecting the interests of millions of other people, we neither know nor care. We remember the comment that a mug is born every moment.

Breaking Christ's Heart

CHRISTMAS breaks the heart of Christ, says the writer, because we all feel good instead of being so. Good nature is no use. It would not save a flea. What we want is goodwill.

"**G**AWD! I dunno what it's all about, I don't. I never 'ad a quarrel with a Boche in my life!"

It was two days before Christmas 1917, and we had been talking about it at a sap head in the line, the sentry, his pal, and I, the padre.

"There ain't much peace on the earth, or good-will among men about this lot any old 'ow, and that there dead Jerry sniffs something 'orrid. Talk about Christmas pudding with 'olly on top, I couldn't stick it here, it ud turn me up. Them 'as makes wars ought to fight 'em, I says, I never wanted to fight nobody."

He was a thoroughly good-natured chap, the sentry, he wouldn't have hurt a fly unless it had tickled his nose. There were millions like him on both sides of No-Man's-Land that night—kind hearted, good-natured boys as ever lived, and yet there we were butchering one another for all we were worth, with all the latest instruments of torture to help us on with our jolly old job.

All the good nature in the world could not prevent us turning it into a shambles, blasting, tearing, rending mothers' sons into lumps of bleeding flesh. It turned us sick, and yet we went on doing it year after weary year, good natured as we were.

You Can't Rely on Good Nature.

The fact is that good nature is no good for what we want. It's cheap. There is any Lord's quantity of it knocking around, and there is not enough power in the whole lot put together to shift a solitary slum or put to rights a single wrong.

Good nature only means feeling good when you have no particular call to feel otherwise. You can't rely on it. It slops over and runs to waste. Good nature is goodwill that keeps its wish-bone where its back bone ought to be. If there is anything that breaks the heart of honest love it is good nature.

Christmas, as we keep it, is a regular orgie of it, a kind of sentimental debauch, when everybody feels good as a pleasant substitute for the painful business of being so. That is why Christmas breaks the heart of Christ.

It is like the children's toys got up to sell. It is all over in a day and not much good at that. We give a little to the poor and spend a lot upon ourselves. There is any amount of loose money flying round, cheap charity that puts uneasy consciences to sleep and gives us selfish peace.

The Journey of Despair.

Christ must be broken hearted as He goes round on Christmas night. Here is a consumptive sanatorium set on the top of a hill. It is all decorated up and there is a Christmas-tree, bought and fixed by the people of the town who have allowed the dirty, festering slum where the consumptives are born and bred to stand untouched for years.

They keep the slum to manufacture the disease, and the sanatorium to cure it. They are good-natured people.

Here is a children's treat. A thousand children are crammed into a school-room. There is any amount to eat, buns and buns and buns galore and gallons of good hot tea. After tea there are dolls for the girls and guns for the boys, and a Father Christmas to distribute them.

Soon it is all over, and a tiny rather frightened little girl prepares to go home. Christ goes with her, out into the dingy street, past the public-house with its flaring lights and the babies' prams outside (good-natured publicans are doing a roaring trade among good-natured parents), down a filthy little alley, until she comes to No. 4 Court, Pleasant Street.

Her father, her mother, her big brother and sister, her three smaller brothers and sisters, and the baby, will all sleep in the two rooms upstairs. She climbs into the bottom of the bed, and falls asleep with the doll still in her arms. Christ stands and looks down at her. It is that doll that breaks His heart. It is a symbol. That is all that good nature can do: sixpenny dolls, everlasting sixpenny dolls.

Born Dead and Better Dead.

It is all so right on the surface, and all so wrong underneath. It is not that we are bad, or deliberately cruel, we are just sloppy, slack, sentimental, that is all. Our hearts are all right in patches, like the curate's egg, but they are out of touch with our heads.

We had a Bethlehem in our church. The children loved it. There was the Babe in the manger, with real straw and plaister cows, a little thatched shed for a stable.

I had been helping the children to put it up, when Hilda Jones came to tell me that her mother was ill and wanted me. I said a prayer with the children and hurried off. I went to see Mrs. Jones with the Holy Family in my mind.

She was lying in a dirty attic and her ninth child had been born dead the night before. She was glad. She had been dreading that child for months. I remembered her telling me when Jones fell out of work that it made it all the worse that she had this "bit of trouble coming off." The birth of a child is often a "bit of trouble coming off" in our part of the world.

Mother who Hated God.

"It is God's will, I suppose," she said, "and any 'ow, she's better out of it all." I thought about the Holy Mother's song of triumph, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." If she could have found words to express herself, she would have sung her crucified "Magnificat":—

O God, my God, if there's a God,
I gives my thanks to Thee,
That thou 'ast 'eard a mother's prayer,
And seen my misery.

Year after year I've 'ad 'em come,
To suckle at my breast,
And welcomed 'em, but I'm dead beat,
I've never 'ad no rest.

'E's out of work, there ain't no work,
The landlord wants the rent,
And I owns up I cursed the day
I knowed this one were sent.

I 'ated God and cursed 'Is Name,
When I was brought to bed,
But now I offers 'Im my thanks,
Because it was born adead.

The number of unemployed on the books of the Labour Exchange for the week ending December 13 was 1,678,529, being a decrease of —oh!— Statistics turn me sick. I keep seeing pictures in the figures, pictures like that; Holy Families with Mothers glad their children are born dead.

by "WOODBINE WILLIE." (The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C., M.A.)

(The author's fees for this article will go to help the likes of Mrs. Jones.)

And yet I knew the husband, and he was a good-natured sort of chap. I went to see the landlord, and he was good natured, too. He was a working man himself who had saved a bit of money and bought the cottages as an investment and the rates were so high he could not go without his rent.

I saw the late employer, and he was good natured and gave me 30s., but he could do no more. He was good natured, and he said that Jones was good natured, and that I was good natured. The whole blessed place swam in good nature, but it wasn't any good.

Good nature isn't any good. It would not save a flea. What we want is goodwill. That is a

horse of another colour altogether. Goodwill unites the heart with the head, it sets the whole man working and keeps him working until the job is done.

Goodwill gets at evil, sticks at it, and worries it until it kills it dead. It is the working unity of Science and true Religion. Science without religion bids fair to wreck the world.

We have made tremendous progress in science, and by its aid possessed ourselves of powers beyond the wildest dreams of men two hundred years ago. But those very powers will ruin us unless we learn to use them for nobler purposes than we do to-day. We have more power than we are fit to wield. It is as though Providence had served our razors to homicidal lunatics, or given bombs out in a day nursery.

We need the fearless veracity, the painstaking accuracy, the stubborn tenacity of Science with a white-hot enthusiasm behind it, an enthusiasm not for making money but for making men, a passion not for power but for peace.

That is what the Christian Religion is, it is the earnest worship, and the loyal following of one "Who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many"; the King Who was born in a manger and wore a crown of thorns.

The Real Christmas Day.

You have your real Christmas Day when He is born for you, when you cease to be satisfied with yourself, and your wobbly good nature, and start to measure yourself up by Him; when He shows you the world as the field of a great adventure that you must undertake for Him, using every power, and every faculty you possess to serve and save your fellow men. That is the real Christmas day, and until you have it you are no use. The stronger you are the worse you are until you have your Christmas Day.

It is God's mercy that sinners are mostly fools. From all strong men who worship themselves may the Good Lord deliver us. They have cursed the world for long enough, making a desert and calling it peace. Science only leads to suicide until it has its Christmas Day, but Science brought to Bethlehem can save the world and give us Peace, and at the last a Christmas Day that will not break the heart of Christ.



Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, "Woodbine Willie."



AN OLD CZAR DETHRONED

The Wicked Public and the
"Mr. A." Jokes

by HARRISON OWEN

CHARGED with taking the "sense" out of "censorship" and putting the "ban" in "banter," the Lord Chamberlain (the Earl of Cromer) pleaded "Not guilty."

"I regret having to bestow further publicity on a certain 'Mr. A.," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "but it is only the action of the accused in deciding that this gentleman's legal alias is too sacred for use in a theatre that renders this course necessary. The accused, in addition to being Earl of Cromer, is, in his official capacity, Czar of Shaftesbury Avenue, for nothing can be produced in theatreland without his consent."

"Theatre managers are entitled to assume that this consent will not be withheld unless an attempt is made to stage something of a blasphemous, indecent or dangerously subversive nature; yet when a revue producer submitted a sketch entitled 'Mr. A., or a Matter of State,' the accused decreed that no mention of the 'Mr. A.' case must be made on the stage."

"This attempt to prevent jokes being cracked in public concerning a matter about which half the population is cracking jokes in private is grotesque. If this sort of censorship is carried much further a semi-official attempt may yet be made to delete the letter 'A' from the alphabet."

FOR the defence, Mr. Strawsplitter stated that the Lord Chamberlain was considering the feelings of theatregoers just as much as those of "Mr. A." If he had not imposed this prohibition revue patrons would have been expected to go into fits of laughter every time a comedian remarked that he was going to

sing a "Singh"-Song, "Make 'A' While the Sun Shines," or announced that he was having "a very Hari Singh time." Instead of being placed in the dock, he (counsel) thought that the Lord Chamberlain should be presented with a leather medal by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Audiences.

"What I should like to know," said Mr. Justice Bull, after a verdict of "Guilty" had been returned,

"is whether this prohibition applies only to the name of 'Mr. A.' or to those of other figures in the Bank case also? If a comedian remarked: 'It all happened before you could say 'Mrs. Robinson'' would he be liable

to a prosecution for lese-majesty? If we are to carry this sort of thing to its logical conclusion we shall have to prohibit the production of any pantomime called 'Robinson Crusoe,' more especially as the black man, Friday, would almost certainly be addressed as 'Mr. A.'

"The Lord Chamberlain may not like others cracking jokes about 'Mr. A.," but this action of his constitutes the biggest joke on the subject that has yet come under my notice. The jury evidently thinks that the prisoner should be laughed out of Court, but it will be more appropriate if I direct that he be laughed out of his Court costume and supplied with a suit of motley in its place."



Saints and Sinners.

A GOOD SORT OR A GOOD SORTER?

The Man who could give
Business a Leg-up

by HESKETH PEARSON

FOR the sake of those who haven't been there, I might explain that not all the students at Oxford University behave like Bolsheviks when they are let loose. There are quite a number who behave like gentlemen, though one doesn't hear much about them.

It is the rowdiness of the Oxford Bolshies that gets talked about in the papers and makes the poorer classes wonder what would have happened to them if they had behaved like that! All the class-bitterness in the country is not due to the Mr. Wheatleys.

But what I want to stress here is that Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, the new Postmaster-General, belonged to the civilised set when he was at Oxford. He actually went there with the sole intention of working. He neither ragged nor was ragged.

HE belonged to the non-ragging brigade of serious students. And he worked like the very devil. All through his scholastic life he was on the track of honours; and his efforts in this respect were fully rewarded at Winchester, Oxford and Edinburgh.

Having graduated at Balliol as a scholar, he proceeded to graduate as a business man in the West Indian trade—still with the same deadly seriousness that had marked his early labours. Not content with learning about the world from books, he travelled.

NO one in this country knows as much about Siberia and the Far East as he does, and only two other men that I can think of know as much about the West Indies.

He has surveyed mankind, as Dr. Johnson would say, from China to Peru, always with one object

in mind—to fit himself for the business of life. And here, indeed, we have the whole truth about Sir William. He is a business man first and last, with very little of anything else in between.

I suppose he must be described as a cold man—cold and undemonstrative. But that won't make him any the less efficient as a Postmaster-General.

The matter of stamps, telegrams and postal orders is not one to gush about; and it is not necessary to be a good sort in order to make a good sorter.



Sir W. Mitchell-Thomson.

SIR WILLIAM loves work. Though he dallies with various forms of sport, he only does so in order to keep fit. Work is his be-all and end-all. Of course he would contradict such an assertion. He would say: "Rubbish! I am an outdoor man." But what keen fisherman ever let a trout off a hook because he was thinking of something else? And what golfer of his handicap ever topped so many balls off the tee?

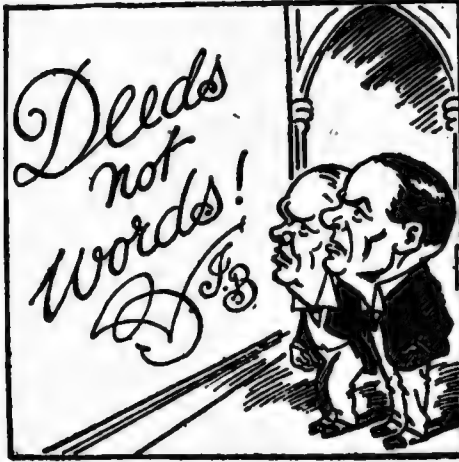
I think it must have been a consideration of these facts that made Mr. Baldwin offer him the Postmaster-Generalship. A sliced drive often means a business conscience. In his case it may mean an improvement in the telephone service.

CARTOONETTES and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND.



On Pater here this time of year
The strain is simply shocking;
He's things to buy of every kind
To stick in every stocking.



No talk "about it and about it"
We want from our new bosses!
They've got to "cut the cackle out"
And come now to the 'uses'!



The Tory team declared this scheme
Was so bad they'd have stopped it;
It's therefore queer that we should hear
They mean now to adopt it.



There's one big shout that now rings out
O'er countryside and town
You can't withstand! It's this demand
That these things must come down!

TRUTH about the ALIENS MENACE

WHILE it is right that Britain should refuse "undesirables" admission to our shores, there is much foolish talk on the alien question generally, as the writer shows in this article

by **ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P.**
(Late Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs).

TO deny that there is an aliens problem would be foolish in the extreme. The United States has had to pass drastic legislation to deal with it, and although we are not affected in anything like the same degree, it is obvious that we cannot let things slide.

But a great deal depends on the attitude of mind in which the problem is faced. If you pass a pitch where an orator from the Anti-Socialist League or the British Empire Union is holding forth, and can spare a moment to listen, in nine cases out of ten you will find him denouncing aliens—"damned foreigners of inferior race to ourselves who are sharps and criminals."

"Clear them all out!" will be the burden of his peroration. "Britain for the British!"

Or if you address a society lady while she is trembling with indignation at the influx of these dangerous foreigners and suggest that some of the denizens of Park Lane, the numerous French chefs (her own included) in Mayfair and Belgravia might also be made to return to the land of their birth, you will not carry her with you.

That is to say, there is a purely political aliens stunt which discriminates between one sort of foreigner and another.

No Privileges.

Poor Jews? Yes, out with them. Rich Jews? No, many of them are our friends. German waiters? Yes, Germans are still hateful to us. Swiss or Italian waiters? No, they do their job so well we want them at

our big hotels. Bolshevik Russians? Certainly, they are most dangerous. Russian Whites? No, there is a Grand Duke or two who is very pleasant and they are poor refugees.

Now, this won't do. If the problem is to be tackled it must be done dispassionately without favour or privilege. It must not depend on nationality or on political opinions.

The Greater Danger.

But while we may regret that the right of asylum to all and sundry should be restricted, we must recognise that in the present state of the labour market it would be unfair to our own people to allow jobs to be filled, without any check, by immigrants of foreign nationality.

But we may also insist that the rich capitalist exploiter who comes over to swell our already large parasitic class should be subjected to similar restrictions. He is a far greater danger.

The figures given by the Home Secretary recently need not cause alarm. The number of immigrants include a large proportion of transmigrants, and the small excess over previous periods is probably only temporary. London, it is true, is chiefly affected. Out of 272,852 registered aliens, 167,966 are in London. But what causes Sir W. Joynton-Hicks to strike a note of alarm is that many of them are socialists.

We refuse to allow our blood to boil over the lurid descriptions of the Jews in Whitechapel, or the Italians in Soho. Proper sanitary precautions can quite well be taken against

the introduction of disease. The Minister of Labour, acting with the Home Secretary, can exercise a wise discrimination in preventing our own unemployment being aggravated by too great an influx of alien labour. In fact, Sir William admitted that the existing machinery for dealing with the problem was satisfactory.

The passport visa system does not operate impartially. It has been abolished, for instance, in the case of France and Belgium, but still exists for Germany, Austria and Russia. This may please the political "alien hunter," but obviously if an Englishman's job is going to be filled, it does not signify whether it is a Frenchman or a German who is going to fill it. Visas are merely a restriction on free travel. Other methods, such as permits and registration, are preferable and more effective.

Chasing Elusive Fortune.

The increase in migration in Europe is one of the many disastrous consequences of the punitive peace Treaties. Economic ruin, alien rule and political instability must have the effect of uprooting many unfortunate people from their native soil and of driving them out to wander in search of better conditions.

They know nothing of the fortune that awaits them in foreign lands, where they may fare worse than they did at home. They are not all criminals. I should doubt even if any significant percentage of them are.

In the Mr. "A." case, the alien was the dupe, the coloured secretary the only honest actor in the whole

sordid drama. In our prejudice against the foreigner let us avoid sweeping, hasty and unfair generalisations.

There are many I know who, like the Anti-Socialist orator, would like to see every foreigner turned out of the country. These are the people who help to

exaggerate our great defect of insularity. In their abysmal ignorance they believe we have nothing to learn from the foreigner, and that British music, painting, literature, science, as well as British dressmaking and cooking, is immeasurably superior to that of any other nation.

The immense advantages of free international intercourse they have not the intelligence to understand. The fact that there are many Englishmen who are a far greater danger to our national welfare than any foreigner, they would stoutly refuse to admit.

Our duty to ourselves makes it incumbent on us to regulate the influx of immigrants judiciously. But do not let us make ourselves a laughing-stock by getting into a petulant temper over the "dirty foreigner" just because he is a foreigner and because we are so immaculate that he must be dirty.



Arthur Ponsonby, M.P.

A Diabolical Trade

THERE is an Indian proverb which says that "The proper place to cut off a snake's tail is just behind the ears"; and this is the method to adopt in connection with the drug evil—its production must be limited for, as Sir John Jordan has said, "Every ounce produced will be used."

Official statements concerning this peril have been issued during the last three years in considerable numbers by Governments, medical officers of health and the chiefs of police in various countries. In New York city alone "almost every premeditated crime of violence is performed by a person under the influence of a drug." This is particularly the case with heroin, the scandal of which is that, while it is completely banned in the United States, Britain still makes and exports it.

In America it has been found that almost every arrested thief was engaged in stealing money for drugs. "Practically all of the underworld owners of pistols are drug addicts. . . . Drugs and crime are twin brats of perdition."

by the Rev. E. J. DUKES

(Hon. Sec. of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade).

This illicit trade in drugs shows profits of from 100 to 1,000 per cent., but it is good to know that the power of the wealthy syndicates and their distributing agencies are undoubtedly being broken. But already the frightful traffic has left its trail of tragedy. Its worst aspect is the havoc it is causing among the very young.

The plague has become so serious that the Canadian Department of Health accuses the cocaine habit of undermining boyhood, cutting away the moral fibre of our girls and turning young people into criminals and imbeciles. As they grow older they become confirmed victims, neglecting all that life holds sweet in order that



Sir John Jordan, who recently proposed that the import of opium should be reduced.

they may follow the trail of the scintillating powder.

This traffic in the souls of children is terrible. Fiends in human guise buy cocaine from certain quarters; it is then split into small quantities, wrapped in brown paper, each little package being sold for a shilling. As five shillings' worth of cocaine makes over a hundred such packages, it will be seen that a profit of well over 2,000 per cent. is being made.

The sales are certain. The Canadian official statement reveals the odious plot to ensnare the young:

"The first samples are distributed to the children free. The samples create a demand, and the children come again. It is refused unless they bind themselves to absolute secrecy. A few doses and the habit has grown. The children must have their dope. All moral sense is lost, and in a few months our boys and girls are ruined."

There are diabolic aspects of this trade—whether in the form of opium smoked or eaten, injected as morphia, or snuffed as "snow." Powerful syndicates that evade and even defy

the police, individual dealers who grow rich on the destruction of human life, keen-witted scamps who smuggle the drugs with the ingenuity of a conjurer, pedlars around school doors and in out-of-the-way corners of the streets—these form a vast army of a diabolic order, against which the moral forces of the world must be arraigned.

One of the latest of the destructive instruments put upon the market I will not name, lest anyone might seek to obtain it. All who see it remark on its prettiness and simplicity. It is a small tube containing one dose of morphia for injection. There is a cap through which projects a needle. Over this is a glass covering to protect the needle. For use the glass cover has only to be removed, and the instrument is ready. After the hypodermic injection the tube can be thrown away. The addict could carry half a dozen of these in his vest pocket, and no one would suspect him of being addicted to drugs.

India is crying for deliverance. She has too long been callous as to the trade in drugs carried on by the Government.

OUR children must be protected against the growing drug menace.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages of Celebrities,
Notorieties, and occasionally, Nonentities.

To Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES,
7, Stone Buildings, London.

SIR,—You hasten to explain that the Food Commission over which you preside "cannot produce rabbits out of a hat." No one wants you to; but you can produce schemes out of pigeon-holes if you care to look. During the past eight years the facts relating to food prices have been proved repeatedly by Departmental enquiries through trained experts. I urge you to have the pigeon-holes at the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Health ransacked; then use this material as your warrant for action resulting in immediate legislation. JOHN BULL.

To LADY ASTOR, M.P.,
House of Commons.

MADAM,—When you asked in the House of Commons, "What is a working-class woman?" Mr. Kirkwood supplied you with one answer when he retorted, "It is the class that clothes you and makes your bed." You deserved that. You also deserve to be told that she is one who struggles, day in and day out, to maintain a decent standard of life for herself and her family on a meagre income that is rarely sufficient for even bare necessities. You deplore talk of "class warfare." Why go out of your way to prove that class warfare is a reality? JOHN BULL.

To Capt. GEE, V.C., M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—You ought by now to be thoroughly ashamed of your unwarrantable attack on the teaching profession. There is not a shadow of evidence for your statement that "the rising generation is being captured by the Socialists, taking advantage of the discontent of a body of professional men and women." You would be better employed in attacking those who are endeavouring to depress the economic status of the teachers. These are the true breeders of the discontent you deplore. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER,
President Board of Trade.

SIR,—During the past few days three terrible pit disasters have occurred in various parts of the coal fields of this country. If only out of respect to the dead, I am justified in asking what you propose to do? My information is that coal mining accounts for an average of five fatalities each day. This is a terrible price to pay, and I call on you at once to go very carefully into the question of safety in the mines. Are you satisfied with the system of inspectorship that now obtains? JOHN BULL.

To J. H. HOUGHTON, Esq.,
Shop Steward, Woolwich Arsenal.

SIR,—I see the Arsenal Shop Stewards recently made you a handsome present in recognition of your pluck and sacrifice in voluntarily undergoing transfusion of blood for the benefit of one of your mates. It is sometimes said that the spirit of brotherhood no longer animates the trade union movement. Such efforts as yours to prove the contrary are more eloquent than any words. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.,
Air Secretary.

SIR,—The public is becoming seriously perturbed by the terrible toll of life taken by your Department. The number of deaths due to accidents in the Royal Air Force since the beginning of the year has now reached the disquieting total of sixty-nine. It is not surprising that these figures should give rise to a feeling that there is something wrong either with the methods of training or the machines in use. I suggest that you might allay this uneasiness by instituting a searching and comprehensive enquiry. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT INCHCAPE,
P. & O. Steam Navigation Co., Ltd.

MY LORD,—In your address to shareholders of the P. and O. line, you declared your belief that "not for five years, not for five centuries to come, shall we have any Bolshevik nonsense in this country." These are brave words, but I suggest that you should set about removing one of the conditions which breed Bolshevism by offering employment to some of the thousands of British seamen who are out of work owing to the preference for Asiatics. The British Mercantile Marine is seething with discontent, and you have it in your power to restore satisfaction by giving a lead to other lines in this respect. JOHN BULL.

To Miss MARGARET BONDFIELD,
Dilke House, Malet Street, W.C.1.

MADAM,—As a general rule you are an expert in sane utterance, but you have badly fallen from grace of late. You say that you would sooner see a girl ambitious to be a cook than a shorthand typist, who is that "kind of girl responsible for more profanity than any other class." I consider such a statement not merely in bad taste, but a low-down accusation against a class of girl who is serving a very useful purpose in commercial life. Typists are no worse and no better than any other class of female worker. JOHN BULL.

To Drs. ARMSTRONG and ENOCH,
Cardiff Royal Infirmary.

GENTLEMEN,—Suspecting a boy of pilfering, you laid a trap for him by placing some coins and cigarettes on a dressing-table. When he entered the room with the boots he had polished he took no notice of the money, but the other bait proved stronger, and he slipped a few cigarettes into his pocket. Any reasonable men would have cuffed his ears and read him a lecture, but you dragged him to the police court and charged him with stealing three cigarettes valued by you at twopence-halfpenny! The magistrates showed better sense and feeling than you when they discharged the lad with a caution. JOHN BULL.

To Ex-KING MANOEL,
London.

SIR,—In a recent speech you say that what has been done for the crippled soldier must be done for the crippled children. Unlike most public speakers you pass from complaint to constructive comment. Your suggestion is the establishment of hospitals, sanatoria, and other curative institutions for the children who are crippled by the effects of tuberculosis and similar diseases. By such means, you say, the way can be prepared for a new generation. I agree; and it is good to see that you are making use of your stay in this country to do something to sweeten the life of the nation of your adoption. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

GEN. BLAKENEY :—The Fascists will stick at nothing and they will win.
Just what the Communists said, yet they didn't win—and neither will you.

M. JUSSELAND :—When France pays she will pay to the last cent.
Easy talk, mon ami—but when will France pay? Cash speaks louder than fine words.

PRES. COOLIDGE :—I am profoundly impressed with the fact that the structure of modern society is a unity. Then act up to your impression and lend a hand in European reconstruction.

MR. WHEATLEY :—The Labour Party have nothing to gain by saying they are moderate people.
On the other hand they have everything to lose by saying the reverse.

OVERWEIGHT IN THE PROSPERITY STAKES!



A CASE FOR AN OBJECTION.

(According to the latest returns Great Britain is taxed £15 18 0 per head of population, France £6 18 0, U.S.A. £5 10 0, Germany £4 1 4, and Italy £3 6 11.)

Without Fear or Favour

POOR OLD SINBAD

Banish the Bolshies!

THE French Government has set a wise example to the civilised world in deporting its Communist plotters. France will allow no sapping and mining of the edifice of State. The significant fact is that out of the sixty Communist agitators rounded up on French territory no fewer than forty-three were of alien origin. In other words, French Communism is a foreign product. That is the great justification of the edict for expulsion which M. Herriot has signed.

Look at the matter from the British standpoint. If a native of this country chooses to believe in Communism no one should interfere with him unless he is guilty of anti-social conduct; but we have every right to prevent the importation of aliens whose sole object in settling in this country is to undermine British institutions.

In this matter every nation owes a duty to itself. The Communists of Russia do not adopt velvet-gloved methods towards the enemies of Bolshevism. In the land of the Soviet anti-Communist propagandists are soon sent to pursue their propaganda in another world!

While we tinker and toy with Bolshevik intrigue in Great Britain the Soviet agents laugh in their sleeves. It is time they were taught a lesson. France has shown us the way. M. Herriot is a democrat, and a Statesman of liberal views, but he has not scrupled to deal ruthlessly with an alien conspiracy which threatens the safety and honour of France.

Grim Gallows

NOW that the excitement at Hull, consequent upon the execution of William Smith, has died away, it may be well to recall a word or two from the condemned man's last letter to his sister. Within a few hours of his death he wrote: "One word of advice, dear, don't keep the children ignorant too long. A little knowledge might save them from heartburnings later on."

What clue to Smith's own tangled life-story may be found in these simple words we cannot say; but parents and teachers may well ponder this poignant cry from the scaffold. Sex education is whispered in the schoolroom, muttered at street corners. Children are learning about beautiful things in an ugly way.

Thinking parents demand the emancipation of their sons and daughters from this unwholesome travesty of sex instruction. It is time that as a nation we made up our minds to rob the facts of sex of the unhealthy glamour which often turns passion to crime.

The Debts the Allies Forget

IN the war Britain stood security to the United States for loans to our Allies. We are paying back America, but our noble Allies forget us — hence our unemployment and poverty.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, who in the cold shades of opposition has lost none of his debating skill, scored a "bull point" when he complained that the King's Speech contained no reference to the question of Inter-Allied Debts. It was a remarkable and a regrettable omission. However, Mr. Baldwin's willingness to grant a day for the Parliamentary discussion of the subject is an indication that he does not undervalue its importance.

The interest we are paying on money borrowed during the war for the benefit of our Allies accounts for nearly half of our present income-tax. The loans we advanced to France and Italy and Russia make up a large part of the present National Debt, and then there is our indebtedness to the United States (incurred on behalf of our Allies) which Great Britain is making a manful effort to repay at a cost of £60,000,000 per annum.

On every penny lent to the Allies the British taxpayer is paying interest. It is this burden which cripples industrial enterprise and hinders the revival of trade and employment.

And the most galling part of the whole business from the taxpayer's standpoint is that, while he sweats and groans beneath his unexampled burden, the foreign debtor goes scot-free. It is time there was a little plain speaking on this subject.

BUSINESS is business. It is not good business, and it is not good sense, or even common fairness, that the people of Great Britain should be taxed at the rate of £15 18s. per head, while France escapes with £6 18s., the United States with £5 10s., Germany with £4 1s. 4d., and Italy with £3 6s. 11d. per head of their respective populations.

There is no getting away from the plain lesson of these official figures. The United States is in her excellent position because she banked on British honour, and has not been "let down." The position of Great Britain is less fortunate. In defence of the Allied cause we lent without security, and the statesmanship of Europe has not yet managed to secure a just recognition of our claims.

Until this problem is solved there is no prospect of any appreciable reduction of taxation in Great Britain. That is why the matter ought to have been mentioned in the King's Speech. It lies at the very root of our national prosperity. More valuable than any treaty with Soviet Russia, or than any juggling with tariffs for the so-called "protection" of British industries, would be a steady businesslike endeavour to evolve order from the present chaos of international finance.

IF the United States would only lend a hand the difficulties of the task would be greatly lessened. At any rate it is Mr. Baldwin's duty to attack the problem on straightforward lines. Until those debts are settled we shall be unable to recover our commercial poise and to employ our people.

This urgent task should appeal to the imagination of Mr. Winston Churchill, whose ambition to reduce the income-tax is well known. It is good to know that he considers it "essential that any payments made by our debtors in Europe to their creditor the United States should be accompanied simultaneously by proportionate payments to Great Britain."



Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill

Legal Scavengers

THE Law Society has the reputation of an honourable profession in its keeping. The shady solicitor is as rare as the "black sheep" of any other profession, but the Law Society of late years has not shown itself nearly as vigilant as it ought to be in probing cases of suspicion and visiting the guilty with just punishment.

Every lawyer is aware of the extent to which "speculative business" occupies the time and attention of Courts of Justice.

There is a type of legal scavenger who makes it his business to scan the newspapers in the hope of discovering some episode or other which will enable him to threaten with a lawsuit some inoffensive person who it is shrewdly conjectured may rather pay than fight. This incitement to litigation, on flimsy or even improper grounds, is of daily occurrence, and, if only to relieve the congestion of the Courts, it ought to be stopped.

The offenders are for the most part notorious in legal circles, and, as soon as the Law Society evinces a real determination to deal with this admitted evil, ample evidence will be at their command. Another evil that is rampant and calls for vigorous repression is the wicked extortion practised by certain practitioners whose speciality is the settlement "out of Court" of accident claims and the like for a lump sum only a fraction of which finds its way to the unsuspecting victim. These references only touch the fringe of a growing evil. Every reputable practitioner can fill the gaps from his own knowledge.

Secret of Success

IN these days of tabloid remedies there is too great a disposition to seek swift and easy solutions of life's problems. All sorts of quacks offer short cuts to health, wealth, and happiness.

The whole thing, of course, is a delusion. The get-rich-quicksters are chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. Success doesn't "just happen." It flows naturally from certain definite facts. It is the effect of which hard work is the cause.

This hot-air talk of success while you wait has a demoralising tendency. It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at Dr. Samuel Smiles, but when all is said there was much solid worth in his teaching that for the ills which afflict the soul of man the sovereign cure is work. Youth needs to be told that success is a monument that crowns a life's achievement, and monuments do not spring up like mushrooms in a field.



Mr. Justice Talbot, who sentenced the Hull murderer.

Black Cap Justice

THE desire of the people of Hull that Smith should be reprieved was in effect a demand that the Black Cap should go altogether, says A. G. G., who shows, however, that our system of justice works mercifully in the public interest

by
A. G.
GARDINER

OUGHT the Black Cap to go? That, I think, is the real question which Hull raised by the astonishing demonstration it made against the execution of William George Smith. There has been no such popular uprising on behalf of a condemned man since Stead, nearly forty years ago, set London ablaze over the Lipski case, and mobs assembled in front of Buckingham Palace to implore the Queen to intervene. On that occasion the criminal made the mistake of confessing the night before he was hanged, destroyed the whole basis of the agitation and put the rope round his own neck.

BUT in that case the public excitement arose from the belief that the condemned man was guiltless. The Hull incident was much more remarkable. There was no doubt about the prisoner's guilt. There was no question about the brutality of the crime. The storm sprang out of a sense of fair play. Two men had been tried at the same Assizes for the crime of murder, committed in somewhat similar circumstances. One had been sentenced to death; one to penal servitude for manslaughter. The public saw no case for discrimination, and their feeling for equal justice was outraged. From the motive came the tornado of last week.

I have every respect for the motive. There is no finer attribute of the people of this country than their passion for fair play. But in this case the motive was mistaken. The root consideration in crimes of this sort is the question of provocation, and in the case of Smith there was no evidence of provocation, while in the other case the murdered wife had admitted infidelity.

MOREOVER, in capital cases I believe that the judgment of a jury which hears the facts at first hand sees all the actors, feels all the imponderable shades of proof and disproof that cannot be put into print, is the most trustworthy judgment in the world. I believe the popular judgment is liable to be emotional and is certainly ill-informed. No jury *wants* to send a man to the scaffold. Every jury would prefer not to send him to the scaffold. It may be taken that every prisoner tried for the capital offence is given the benefit of the doubt by the jury.

In the case of Smith there was no doubt, and there was an entire absence of real provocation, and so long as capital punishment is the law of the land every Home Secretary whose duty is to administer the law will regard a crime committed in such circumstances as admitting of no exception. I repeat that the demand of the Hull people was, in effect, that the Black Cap should go altogether.

That is a very arguable case. It is one on which I, like most people probably, have an open mind. Capital punishment is defensible on only one ground. I don't mean the ground of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

That is the law of revenge. It is defensible only on the ground that it is a deterrent of crime, checks murder, makes life more secure. If it does that, the Black Cap ought to remain. If it does not do that it ought to go.

The answer, I think, is equivocal. It is both "Yes" and "No." It is "No" in the case of crimes of passion. Let jealousy, hate or revenge get the mastery, and all considerations of prudence vanish. The Black Cap has lost its terrors. So far as such cases are concerned the Black Cap might be disestablished without adding to the risks of life.

But there is another type of murder in regard to which the answer is "Yes." It is the case in which passion is not involved, in which murder is incidental to something else. A criminal sets out on a dangerous adventure in which he may be discovered, and for which he may be severely punished. It will probably make a profound difference to his preparations for the adventure if the Black Cap has to be reckoned with. He may arm himself to kill rather than suffer capture if he knows that, in the eye of the law, there is only a degree of difference between the punishment for murder and the punishment, say, for burglary. If he knows that killing means death for himself he will leave his firearms at home.

THAT, I believe, is the reasoning which makes the legal profession overwhelmingly in favour of the Black Cap. They believe it is a deterrent, not in cases of passion, but in cases of professional crime. And they argue that the experience of France proved their reasoning to be sound. When the capital penalty was abolished crimes of violence culminating in murder increased so seriously that the Black Cap had to be resumed.

It is good that in the struggle of life we can keep a stiff upper lip.

PROFESSOR CARR-SAUNDERS has lately provoked eager discussion by suggesting that a family of five may live on an income of 62s. 4d. per week. Thrifty economists have conclusively proved, in reply, that it can't be done. Mr. Elvin, the secretary of the Clerks' Union, declared that a family could not be kept "decently" in London for less than £4 10s. to £5, Mr. Milford, of the Transport Workers' Union, said that "the only way the rent could be kept down to 8s. 10d. a week" (the Professor's estimate) "would be by two families sharing a house—thus producing overcrowding."

On the day after this statement appeared, the papers reported an inquest on a baby in Southwark, which had lived its brief spell of three weeks in one tiny room with its father, mother, and four other children. The rent paid was 9s. a week, and a further sum of £5 10s. had to be paid for "key money," to secure the tenancy! A neighbour who gave evidence said that in her house a girl of twenty, a boy of seventeen, another of thirteen, and a younger child slept in one room!

The death of the baby under these conditions need not surprise us; the greater wonder is that any survive. And another marvel, equally amazing, is that the people who have to live in these

But, you will say, why in these circumstances do we not have degrees of murder? Why do we not exempt crimes of passion from the capital penalty and preserve that penalty in the case of crimes of violence and deliberation? I doubt whether this can be done by an abstract formula. Harcourt tried to do it when he was at the Home Office and found it impossible. Murders do not go into two broad categories. Every case is a new problem unlike any that has gone before, and the degree of provocation or deliberation can only be estimated by judge and jury.

In practice, I believe, under the modern system of criminal appeal, there is an efficient check upon a failure of judgment on the part of the jury and discrimination between crimes that deserve the capital offence and those that do not.

ON the day Smith was hanged we saw the system at work in another case. A man named Ball had been sentenced to death at Warwick for the murder of a man whom he found in incriminating circumstances with his wife. It was a pitiful case. It may almost be said to have been a case due to the housing scandal, for Ball, his wife and nine children lived in one room, and the murdered man lived in another. In such circumstances the decencies of life and the securities of life can hardly be preserved. The Court of Appeal took the view that the provocation was such as to make the capital penalty excessive, and substituted a sentence of seven years' penal servitude.

I think the answer to my question is reasonably clear. Our system is an admirable compromise, and works justly and mercifully in the public interest, applying the extreme penalty only in rare and indisputable cases, but preserving it as an ultimate terror to evil-doers.

IS YOUR SALARY

crowded and inevitably dirty warrens are able to pay the monstrous rents and extortions charged.

For it is only a lucky minority of workers in the poorer quarters of towns like London who can earn the sum which Professor Carr Saunders sets down as the essential minimum. Mrs. Groves, the wife of a Labour M.P., who lives at Stratford, says that the average wage in her district, which is by no means the poorest, is only 50s., and if the people pay as much as £1 a week for rent, which many unquestionably do, the Professor's meagre budget of expenditure on food and clothes must be pitifully diminished in the case of big families.

With their stinted rations and insanitary homes, one would think that the children must necessarily grow up into weakly, weedy men and women. Under the conditions of promiscuity in which men and women, boys and girls, are packed together, one would think that their moral up-bringing must be even more deplorably unhealthy than the physical.

And yet I have before me a cheery letter from a Newcastle reader of JOHN BULL, who describes



Mr. Herbert Elvin, Secretary of the Clerks' Union.

IT is a soft and... The w... the pol... I an... lives in... revol... our B... "Socia... slowly... Ther... it in m... which... Whom... which... burden... form o... whole... love?... that... has de... Sinc... these l... be wel... questi...

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The Dreamer's Bogey

ARE we living in a jungle? The Socialists say we are. Our contributor admits that we live in a jungle; but shows also that the jungle is the work of God, and that struggle for existence is the will of the Divine Creator

by
**"A GENTLEMAN
WITH A DUSTER"**



The Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., the apostle of Evolutionary Socialism.

IT is pleasant to record that I have received a reasonable letter from a Socialist. The roar of the lion is absent from its pages. One is aware in all its sentences of the soft and seductive note of the turtle-dove. The writer is a Christian, and his Socialism is the political expression of his religiousness.

I am told by this Christian Socialist, who lives in Ipswich, that I am wrong to suggest that revolution may come bloodily and awfully to our British Islands. It will be voted in. "Socialism," he says, "will come in England as slowly and as gently as the coming of Spring."

Then he issues a challenge. How can I find it in my heart, he demands, to resist a change which is sanctioned by the teaching of Him Whom we call Light of the World, a change which will make all things new, which will lift burdens too heavy to be borne, render every form of cruel oppression impossible, and bind the whole discordant world in the bands of brotherly love? Surely I shall agree, he asks triumphantly, that "individualism in commerce is an idea that has developed from the jungle."

Since there are many people who think along these lines, good and reasonable people, it may be well to render an answer to this particular question.

THE term *jungle* is exceedingly popular with Socialists of all brands. It is used by them with infinite contempt. Moscow is Paradise; Bournville and Port Sunlight are the jungle; Trotsky is a St. Francis of the Millennium; Lord Leverhulme and Mr. Cadbury are ravening beasts of prey. Mr. Jack Jones and Mr. Ben Tillett are inspired by the loftiest and most beautiful ideals; but Lord Weir and Sir Jesse Boot are jungle-minded.

Let me ask my Christian Socialist a question. Who made the jungle? Who ordained the laws of Nature? Who sanctioned the immemorial struggle for existence which characterises the whole field of creative evolution? Does he remember that when the ways of God were questioned on a certain immortal occasion the answer was given, "Where wert thou when I laid the foundations of earth?" and that the statement was made, "I will answer thee, that God is greater than man?"

IT is right that men should struggle to improve the conditions of human life, but it is dangerous and absurd to regard the majestic arena of spiritual evolution as a thing so foul and disgusting that it is beneath the contempt of every sentimentalist cherishing a moon-struck theory of political economy.

If the will of the Divine Creator is to be sought in the bleat of the lamb or the trills of a canary, it is also to be sought in the tiger's heart and the loins of the panther.

Before ever a church was built or a surplice sent to the wash, before there was a book of ancient and modern or a pedalled harmonium to grind out their music, men worshipped God in the jungle, and strove to know His Will in the starlit Arabian waste. No race in the world ever rose to a grander and loftier notion of God's nature than the ancient Hebrew people, and that notion was grand and lofty just because it had the courage to confront undaunted the world as it truly and tremendously is, not as a young lady's water-colour sketch would have it to be.

Let my correspondent summon up his courage to confront the jungle. Is it so terrible a place as a timorous imagination has led him to sup-

pose? It has a beauty greater than the architects of garden cities can contrive. It has a splendour which makes civilisation seem a little tawdry and down at heel. Further, love is there just as it is in Ipswich.

My correspondent will find in the jungle no society for preventing cruelty to children, no prisons, no madhouses, no brothels, and no hospitals; but he will encounter the tigress ready to lay down her life for her young and the famished lion searching by day and by night that his cubs may be fed. And something more. He will encounter a very strange fact. He will discover that in the fierce struggle for existence the selfish carnivorous beasts tend to die out, in spite of all their strength, and the peaceful herbivorous creatures to multiply, in spite of all their weakness. Has he ever thought about that?

IT is not the lion that rules the pastures, but the sheep. It is not the eagle that lords it over the fowls of the air, but the domestic hen. Sparrows are commoner than vultures; rabbits are more numerous than wolves; and for every boa-constrictor he may meet on his journey through life my correspondent will see a million peaceful worms patiently ploughing the soil.

Look steadily at the jungle of civilisation and we shall find that the same extraordinary paradox holds good. It is not the murderer, the burglar, and the assassin who tend to multiply, but the peaceful citizens whose labour contributes to the welfare of society. Sir Thomas Lipton may be as selfish as the lamb, and Mr. Rowntree as great an egoist as the cow, but they are not such slaughterers as the tiger and the lion, and therefore they are not hanged like Mahon and Crippen, or locked up like burglars and pickpockets.

Like the selfish lamb and the egoistic cow, their selfishness and their egoism contribute to the richness of the world, and so they multiply, and where such men abound democracies advance in wealth, knowledge, and power.

The universe, in fact, is a far more beautiful and wonderful place than the atheist likes us to think it, and civilisation, too, is not half so hopeless a chaos as the Socialist would persuade us to believe.

MY correspondent and those who agree with him must not think that I am satisfied with the present stage of evolution. Evolution is never at a standstill. All I wish to make clear in this article is the fact that struggle for existence is the authentic law of God, and that one of the most evident and striking features of that struggle is the usefulness of a selfish ambition which can only attain its ends by serving others.

I am for strength, genius, enterprise, struggle and passionate ambition, because such forces cannot be set in motion within the law, however selfishly, without conferring enormous benefits on all mankind. In this manner the whole scale of human existence is elevated.

LARY ENOUGH?

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON
("Dangle.")

herself as the mother of "seven of the healthiest and bonniest bairns God ever created," and who says that her husband's wage is £2 0s. 6d. per week! Thousands of her neighbours only get 39s. 6d. They are "hard put to pay rent, coal, gas, insurance, boots, clothes — and suitable food," but yet they appear to do it. And, she bravely adds, "work is better than the dole, and it is work the majority of the men want."

The difficulty of providing for her hungry little ones has turned my correspondent's thoughts to the subject of birth control, which she has come to think "we poor mothers ought to learn." And yet she is constrained to add that she wouldn't part with one of her seven "for a King's ransom."

Though she works "till midnight, and some times later," she finds time to tell the children a fairy tale before they go to bed; and, she says, "If I stop to think of something to say, they look up with such eager little faces, asking, 'Yes, yes, mother, what comes next?'"

It is a wonderful letter, and it gives one amazingly to think. If this mother can bring up seven

healthy, happy children on £2 a week, and keep smiling over her miracles of scrubbing, washing, darning, patching, cooking, and contriving, what have we to grumble at—we well-to-do people who grouse over the high price of the best steak, the burden of the income-tax, and the hardship of economy over our children's Christmas presents?

It is good that men and women should resent poverty and struggle against injustice. But it is good too that, whilst striving and ceaselessly fighting towards a fairer and more abundant life for their children and their neighbours, they should preserve a stiff upper lip, a stout heart, a good temper, even for their foes, and a cheery smile for those about them.

"It takes a bit of doing," doubtless answer some of the "submerged."

True enough, yet my correspondent's letter proves that it can be done.

And if it can, it is assuredly worth while; for the brave and cheery fighter is always more useful to his cause than the reluctant grouser; and the man or woman who can radiate happiness from an atmosphere of gloom, is a greater benefactor to his kindred than the most eloquent and "promising" of political rhetoricians.



Mr. Herbert Elton, Secretary of the Clerks' Union.

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A PAWNSHOP CHRISTMAS

SANTA Claus exists for all classes, but his journey down the chimney is more difficult in poor districts

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

A MILLION hearts are throbbing in Drab Street. A million parents are anxiously rehearsing the parts they will be called upon to play on the 25th. They are the Father Christmases and the Mother Christmases of the Under-world of Great Britain.

You may be sure that the Santa Claus of Drab Street is going to do his best. I know one who pawnshisbicycle regularly every year and walks three miles to his work, in order to ensure a happy Christmas for his little children. That is the spirit which animates all of us.



Mr. Sydney A. Moseley

But don't let your imagination conjure up these Father Christmases of slum land as the big, breezy-looking figures of the picture post-cards. Alas, they are in many cases gaunt-eyed and pinched; they look as if a good Christmas dinner would be more serviceable in their homes than steam-engines and toy trains.

In Drab Street at Christmas you get those wonderful human contrasts that go to make up life. Sunshine and shadow, romance and tragedy, silence and suffering, joy

and happiness, full stockings and tragically empty stockings.

Father Christmas is no mock symbol to these children of poverty; he is the most real figure of romance in their world of tender imaginings.

It would break their little hearts if the accumulation of a whole year's hopes were dashed to the ground, and all their prayers remained unanswered. It would indeed be the greatest tragedy of Christmastide. No one realises this more than the Daddies of Drab Street.

For them the ideals of life have long been dispelled. Their disillusion has long been complete; yet not even the sternest realities of life seem to break the kiddies' spell; even the stockingless street arabs seem to rely on the magic generosity of Father Christmas to find ways and means of bringing them something—just a wee remembrance.

What would little rosy cheeks of Workhouse Land say as she groped in the dark on Christmas morning if it had not come—the doll which she has dreamed about so much? What would that wee angel of Cemetery Street, whose lustrous eyes denote the most dreadful of all illnesses—what would he say if nobody cared. Why, he has lived for nothing else.

It is heartening to know that Drab Street is not going to be altogether forgotten at Christmas. It is on these occasions that you realise

the number of benevolent hearts which lie hidden in a world of sordidness and cynicism.

"I took my boy into a West End bazaar," a friend told me, "and I proudly told him he could take home anything in the stores. Just then I noticed behind me a little ragamuffin, accompanied by his father. I could have bought that boy the whole stores and not missed the money, but I was really too scared to offer him anything, for his father was helping him choose a fourpenny toy, and both seemed so bound up in each other that I dared not intrude upon them. Yet I simply yearned to go to him and say in true Father Christmas style, 'choose what you will.'"

In one of the hospitals I visited in Poor Land they were making ready for Christmas. The little ones lay in their cots watching the nurses making valiant efforts to bring just a suspicion of the seasonable atmosphere in the room of affliction. I asked the sister how they hoped to spend the great Day.

"It depends," she said, hesitating, "whether we are noticed this year. Last year we were lucky. We thought we were lost, but some kind person—the editor of a newspaper as it happened—remembered us at the last moment and sent a big box full of toys. You should have seen the transformation in these dear children!"

The Passionate Husband A new view-point of birth-control

by LEONORE VAN DER VEER

SELF-CONTROL is the soul of self-mastery, birth-control is the accomplice of self-indulgence. The question is whether we want more licence in respect of the marital relation, or whether we want less.

A happy marriage is founded within the soul, not the senses. Passion seeks for intense and always more intense stimulation, and dies of its own intoxication. The principle governing it is fatal to that which we seek in marriage—happiness.

Birth-control, so called, is the royal road to marital ruin. It is diametrically opposed to the true meaning of the marital relation—the propagation of species. Without mutual respect happiness is impossible; and mutual respect cannot exist where people outrage Nature.

Birth-control turns what should be a respected relation between husband and wife into something unholy and unclean, and places marriage in the same category as prostitution. It is either a means to an end in lessening the pressure of child-production upon women pending the ushering in of a higher nature of reform, or it means such marital demoralisation as must lead eventually to that degree of disgust and revolt which will send the whole institution of marriage tumbling about our heads.

There is a law of Nature in respect to women which cannot be flagrantly broken without incurring a terrible penalty. This is the law of maternity. In women the normal object of the marital relation is motherhood, its natural result only to be attained through this completion.

Where this object is continually being frustrated, a highly perilous state of things becomes inevitable. A woman will turn against the man responsible for it, or she will deteriorate into a mere sex creature.

The impulse of maternity is the strongest impulse in Nature, and the most selfless and ennobling. Where it is persistently disregarded and profaned Nature wreaks a terrible revenge. This is what has happened to France, where it is no longer a case of birth-control, but of sterility.

Woman is in danger of being relegated to a place lower than that held by any animal. Man, alone, profanes

his mate. Sensuality can be developed in woman, but it is never natural to her. It is the instinct of maternity turned against itself and rendered vicious.

The propagation of the race is one thing, the profane deflection of a function from its natural course is another. The latter could never have failed to bring about precisely the state of things as exists—marriage made a hell, and the race eaten up by disease.

Yet nowhere is a single word breathed on the subject of self-control, but everywhere talk of how to indulge the passions more freely through reducing to a minimum of risk the chance of Nature asserting herself. There can be no two opinions as to the effect upon the character of men and women of such a state of things. It strikes straight at the root of their self-respect, rots and ruins it.

Every man knows that the more he gives way to his passions the more they tend to make him their slave. As for women, the fact that in the unmarried state plenty of them live full and satisfied lives irrespective of sex proves that the sensual life is not essential to Man's ordained mate. And Nature never yet produced a one-sided species.



Leonore Van der Veer.

The Hard-Hit Middle Classes

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Therefore in your own interest, in the interest of your family, and in the general interest—
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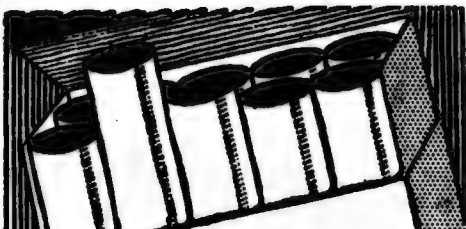
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"I SERVED practically all through the war, and demobilisation found me a shell-shocked and fever-stricken man. A government grant made it possible for me to take up a medical course at a university.

"In my third year I met a girl, and a firm friendship sprang up, turning in a short while to love. She is the only daughter of a highly positioned citizen in the town where I am studying. The parents on both sides being willing, we became engaged, deciding to get married as soon as I qualified. It is now fifteen months since we announced our engagement.

"For the first nine months all went well, although, as I mentioned before, I am still shell-shocked and fever-stricken. Any sudden loud noise upsets and completely unnerves me.

"At first my fiancée was kind and sympathetic towards my troubles and would help with a sympathetic gesture or a loving pressure and a kind word. But for the past six months she has lost her sympathy, and now there is no kind word when a loud motor explosion startles me. Mockery and impatience have taken the place of her sympathy.

"A few weeks back we were at a theatre and the sudden firing of a revolver caused me considerable nervousness and uneasiness, and I trembled in my seat. A little child sitting behind us, in its ignorance, laughed at me. I waited for my fiancée's soothing touch, but instead of soothing me she hurt me. There was disgust on her face.

"SHE still loves me—at least, she affirmed so, when I offered her her freedom; even declaring that it was for myself that I sought freedom. She tries hard to hide her scorn in my moments of nervous shock. But she does not deceive me. Though her lack of true sympathy in my moments of need cuts through me, I still love her. In normal hours no couple could be happier together. And a future without her would be a black one.

"I am in my final year, and in a few months will qualify. What am I to do? My nervous shocks will be with me always—my doctor told me this. And I fear that it only needs the bonds of matrimony to pull aside her hypocrisy, and then a life-long contempt for my weakness will follow. Besides, I feel that I am less able to stand her scorn."

"Humanist" says:—*I think you will find, as others similarly placed have done, that your nerves will steadily and slowly improve. Keep up your heart and don't be angry with the girl: perhaps she thinks it wise not to give way too much to you in your spasms of nervousness. Patience and courage are great allies: they will bring victory in the end.*

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first three letters printed.

"TEN years ago I became house-keeper to a widowed lady with considerable means, who, during the latter part of her life was very eccentric, and who was also bedridden for most of the time I was with her. Just prior to my obtaining

Awkward Legacy

this post she had a heated quarrel with her spinster sister, with the result that this, her only relative, had to leave the home where she had lived for so long.

"I have always been considered a good nurse, considerate and sympathetic with my patients, and it was possibly these qualities that made my mistress leave to me on her death the whole of her property, the value of which, if realised, would approach £10,000.

"Of course I should be very well pleased with this handsome legacy, but I cannot escape from the thought that I will be doing wrong if I keep it in its entirety. There is no doubt at all that the old lady was, to put it mildly, somewhat weak-minded, and that possibly had she been otherwise she would at least have shared her wealth between myself and her sister.

"My friends are urging me to keep everything which is legally mine, but I feel that I am under a moral obligation to make over half to this unfortunate relative who, at the present time, is living in a state of semi-poverty two miles from the fine house which was once the home of herself and only sister."

"Humanist" says:—*You are entitled in law to the money, as the relatives did not dispute the will or allege mental incompetence. But if I were you I should give a substantial portion of it to the poor sister.*

"I ACT as general manager in a business run by two foreigners whose solvency for the last two years has been in great danger.

Manager's Dilemma

Twice at times when they have been almost entirely out of funds, they have raised capital by buying goods on credit and selling them at a loss, but on both occasions this manoeuvre has been followed by a temporary successful period which has enabled them to recoup their losses and meet their creditors.

"Another critical period is again overtaking them, and the other day I heard them discussing the advis-

ability of again approaching a business man, with whom I am well acquainted. They are once more to ask for a consignment at the usual market price, to sell at a ruinous rate, and to trust to luck for subsequent business to bring in profits.

"Now this man who is to accommodate them is an old and trusted friend of my own, and moreover he has as his most responsible adviser my youngest sister's husband. The whole matter is worrying me, for should the expected not be realised in the subsequent transactions, one of my best friends will be ruined when my own employers go into bankruptcy. Furthermore, my brother-in-law will lose his post and his business reputation through trusting these rash speculators.

"What do you advise me to do? Affection for my relative and my old school friend urges me to disclose to them the full facts, yet a justifiable desire to retain my post prompts me to keep silent."

"Humanist" says: *You owe a dual duty, to your employer and to your friend and relative. You have to decide between honest and dishonest people—remember that honesty is the best policy. Risk your job and do your duty. No man must be a tacit party to possible fraud, and your job is, on your own showing, shortly going to cease.*

Modern Fagin.

"There is a rascal next door to me who lives by fraud. He is a widower and is training his five young sons to do the same tricky things. How can I give him away without my name being divulged?"

If you tell the police they will treat the matter in confidence. I think you certainly ought to—for the sake of the boys.

The Wife's Plan.

"My people are all in Australia. They want me to join them. My husband refuses to allow me to go, but my only son is going in the New Year."

Your husband cannot prevent you from going. But it is your duty to stay with him, as you do not suggest that he is not a good husband. Desertion is an offence.

Slow Lover

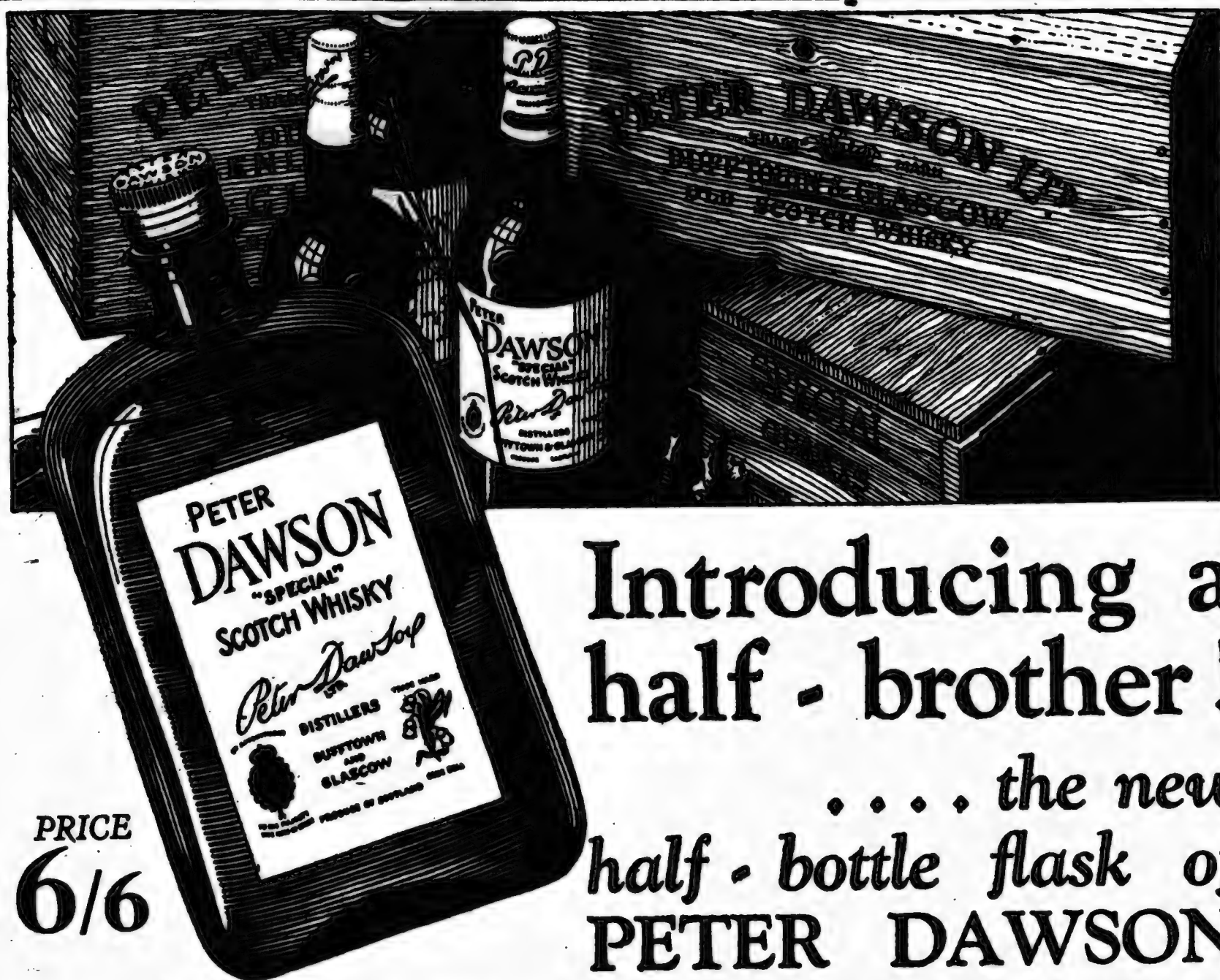
"My sister has been courted for eight years, but is rather doubtful as to her fiancée's intentions. She is too independent to approach him on the subject, but he never talks of getting married."

Her parents should deal with the matter and ask the man plainly what future he is thinking of. Candour is essential in such situations if life is not to be made a mess of through shyness or "independence."

Blackmail Blackguard.

"When my husband and I married, we wished to keep the time of our marriage secret from the world. I stayed with my aunt for the usual fifteen days in a small Yorkshire village. My aunt has since died, and my cousin is threatening me and blackmailing my husband by declaring that our marriage is not legal; he says I can be imprisoned for making a false statement.

Stand up to your blackmailing rascally cousin and threaten him with the police. Don't worry about proof. The onus will be on him, if he stands in the dock and tries to justify his conduct.



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6/6

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IT'S a great convenience to be able to buy a $\frac{1}{2}$ -bottle of good whisky; a still greater convenience to have it in the handy shape of a pocket flask.

For a long train journey, for a day's sport, for any odd occasion when two or three men meet—here is exactly what you want. And it's a good thing to have by you in the home in case of emergency. (A glass of "P.D." piping hot last thing at night will often turn away a cold that might otherwise develop into influenza or worse.)

The new "P.D." $\frac{1}{2}$ -bottle flask at 6/6 contains the same guaranteed pre-war quality whisky as in the famous "brambled and dimpled" bottle.

Remember its convenience, remember its handy pocket-shape on your way home to-night.

Christmas Gift Cases

Again this year we are packing Peter Dawson in Gift Cases of 3-full bottles and 6-full bottles, as well as the usual case of 12-full bottles. Your dealer has all three sizes ready now. Give him your delivery instructions, with amount to cover cost, and he will enclose your card or note and dispatch in good time for Christmas.

Peter Dawson.	Peter Dawson.	Peter Dawson.
3-Bottle Case.	6-Bottle Case.	12-Bottle Case.
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Cats and contagion

*Mother—
the health doctor*

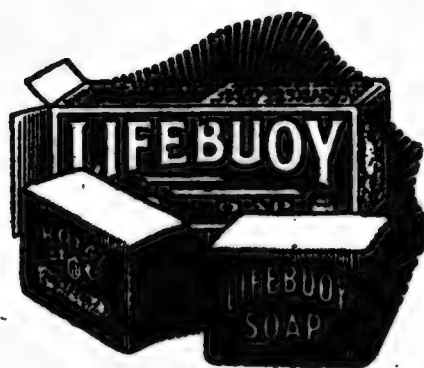


You are the home health doctor. See that every member of your family washes the hands with Lifebuoy before meals—after work or play—after touching soiled objects—after touching others.

Health is more than wealth.

Health is life and happiness.

Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in a carton



Lifebuoy Soap
for HEALTH

L. 2794-109



HOW strange is that secret affinity between children and animals! Look how that cat allows itself to be pulled about. She would never endure such treatment from a grown-up.

But while the children need have no fear of pussy's claws, there may be other perils lurking in her fur. Mother, the health doctor, does not know in what unhealthy, germ-laden surroundings that cat was amusing itself last night. She does not know who stroked it last.

Like a bad dream

And perhaps it's just as well she shouldn't know. Her life would be like a bad dream if she could see every germ in the cat's fur, every particle of dirt it has brought in from the street when it comes to play with her children. But she knows in her heart that all these

dangers may be lying in wait for the precious health of those whose lives she values above her own. And she knows how to fight against them.

The "All-clear" signal

Mother, the health doctor, always has a cake of Lifebuoy Soap ready for her children's hands.

The pleasant, antiseptic smell of Lifebuoy is the "All-clear" signal, and the reason why Lifebuoy is one of the most widely used soaps in the world is because millions of mothers have proved it to be the health soap.

Rely on Lifebuoy. Put a cake of Lifebuoy at every place in the house where hands are washed.

Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.



Words Winger to Women

WHAT THEY FORGOT

Woman's Part
in Life

"I AM profoundly disappointed," said the young, bright-faced woman with the alert eyes and shingled hair.

"And I, though I am too old to expect much, wish that women could recapture the enthusiasm that once they had about questions that so



Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., who desires equal franchise for men and women.

close affect their welfare," commented the older one.

It was a gathering of women of all ages, met in London, following the opening of Parliament, to consider the suggestions of the King's speech.

Women, in the afternoon, had assembled in all their pomp of wealth and jewels—to do honour to the occasion and pay respect to the throne. Humbler citizens waited in the streets to see the stately procession go by.

And these women in conference at night, were dealing with the thing that really mattered. How are women's own immediate interests to be considered in the new Parliament?

Why was the young woman disappointed? Because there was no mention of legislation for securing

by MABEL HORNER.

equal franchise. Every one of the political Parties gives lip service to this issue. There is no argument against it. Statesmen do not attempt to formulate one. Why then, the women ask, must women wait?

"Women should withdraw their work from all political organisations until they obtain the vote on the same terms as men," voiced one enthusiast. This smacks of the old suffrage days. It is too much. But the younger women have a right to expect that the older women who have the franchise shall not forget their interests.

EQUAL guardianship of children comes next. This, although a matter of common consent, was also omitted from the speech, and so, in specific terms, were widows' pensions.

A short Bill is needed to enable a British woman to retain her own nationality on marrying a foreigner. Think of the awful tragedies among women who have lost their nationality when war breaks out. About the desirability or otherwise of such alliances there is room for thought. Young women should have access to more information as to the domestic and racial results of such unions.

But, meanwhile, the bald facts are that while a woman loses her own nationality through such marriage, a man similarly mated does not.

More poignant is the fact that no mention was made for finding a

solution of the acute unemployment amongst women. Doubtless amongst all shades of male opinion there is a comfortable feeling that the field of domestic service is always open. The facts are not in accord with the fiction. In pre-war days there were one and a quarter million women in domestic service; to-day there are at least two million women so employed.

But to assume that women's only sphere of life is domestic service is to take a perverted view, and to refuse to face facts. Many women who are trained in skilled trades fall out of employment, and to offer these domestic service, to offer an uninsured career for one organised and insured is to offer an insult.

There is a proposal to train ex-Servicemen for skilled trades by a system of apprenticeship. Why not a similar scheme by means of which women may benefit? It is to the good of the nation that her people be sensibly and profitably employed.

FOR the rest the King's Speech indicated many reforms. They were not Party reforms, but measures that have been advocated by all parties and as such to be welcomed. But each successive Government fails in its duty to women, and will do so—until women themselves become more alive to the seriousness of the position and make their demands clear.

The Unseen Friend

Helps in Time
of Need

EVERY reader of JOHN BULL who has taken the trouble to register himself as such has an unseen friend—a guardian angel, who, if he cannot prevent the troubles to which mankind is heir, and the disasters which overtake even the most careful of humanity, is waiting to step in and repair the damage in so far as material help can make good losses which, without his assistance, would be irreparable.

The general fighter in the field has behind him, and within his reach, a general reserve which comes forward at the critical moment and often helps him to turn defeat into victory. The readers of JOHN BULL have a general reserve in this unseen friend of theirs.

A lot of people have found him useful in many curious ways. There was a man in Glamorgan who was stricken down with illness, and recovered to find the cupboard bare and the landlord clamouring for his rent. And then his wife remembered that her husband was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and that his illness was one against which the registered reader is freely insured. She made her application: almost by the next post came a cheque to relieve their immediate necessities.

A RURAL reader found his little home almost ruined by a great gale which swept across England. The river had overflowed its banks, pene-

trated into his cottage, and, receding, left behind muddy ruin.

Here was a contingency for which the ordinary insurance makes no provision. But that enjoyed by the JOHN BULL registered reader is no ordinary insurance. The unseen friend came in swiftly to repair the ravages of storm and flood. A cheque came by special messenger, and the ruined cottager had reason to bless the name of his favourite journal.

It is easy to insure against fire if you have the money to spare; but unemployment sometimes creeps into a house, premiums become difficult to meet, a policy lapses, and one morning a haggard householder stands before a blackened ruin wherein has been consumed in an hour the labour and savings of years.

The unseen friend is there to repair the damage if that little coupon has

Your Power
for Good!

YOU may be in possession of information which, if divulged, would lead to the exposure and end of some instance of corruption or wrong which has hitherto been unrevealed. As an individual you can do little, but by enlisting the aid of JOHN BULL you have at your service Britain's most powerful searchlight on the evils in our midst. If you are a public spirited citizen and feel strongly about any such public scandal write (in confidence) to the Editor about it.

been signed and the name of the householder has been inscribed upon the register.

He hasn't had to pay any heavy premiums; he has had to do nothing except give an order to his news-agent to deliver JOHN BULL weekly. He would have had the paper anyway, because it is indispensable.

And because he has taken this very simple step, that has cost him nothing, he can carry his cheque for £400 into the town and re-establish a home which has gone up in smoke.

Such accidents happen to us all. Sometimes it is much more serious. A man groping his way along a dark landing, misses his step and falls headlong down the stairs. He is found dead by his horrified wife. To his widow comes £250.

FIRE that burns up a life-time's savings in a few minutes, or damage by storm, flood or lightning, injuries, diseases—for all these things there is compensation at the hands of every man's general reserve.

It seems rather foolish not to take something for nothing. It is the height of absurdity for the man who buys his JOHN BULL not to spend the price of a stamp, thereby becoming one of the increasing number who go through life under the broad and sheltering wings of JOHN BULL's protection.

JOHN BULL

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in which I tell you how to become

A BRILLIANT

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this Winter. ↑



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Grand National Lists Need Revising—Watch Patsey V—Course.

THE lists of many of the well-known turf accountants who are offering odds on the coming Grand National need revising with a big blue pencil.

The lists are headed "probable entries," and a footnote, "all in run or not," takes your money in the event of a non-runner.

If you like, you can have the generous odds of 200 to 1 The Bore, recently dead, or 100 to 1 Palm Oil, dead and buried some months ago. So much for the dead 'uns.

Shaun Spadah Won't Run.

One of the best prices offered is 40 to 1 Shaun Spadah, the winner of 1922. This is tempting, but Sir McAlpine, who owns the grand old chaser, has stated that Shaun Spadah deserves a long rest and will not, on any account, run.

It is a silly game backing horses for the spring events yet awhile, but if any punter likes to take a long price he should make enquiries to see that his fancy is, at least, in training.

Patsey V. the Probable Favourite.

I went down to Gatwick specially to see Patsey V. who, unless I am very much mistaken, will start favourite for the Grand National. He finished last of four, but the market showed that he was not fancied. In any event the form can be totally disregarded as two miles is no good to Patsey. If the Gatwick event had been another couple of miles he would have been the only competitor on four legs to reach the winning post. Patsey V is a lovely jumper, and I do not intend to lose sight of him between now and March.

Course Tipsters.

Course tipsters are on the increase, so I can only suppose that "mugs" are more plentiful than ever. I have not seen Donoghue's brother recently, but there are many new faces in evidence. Donoghue claims that he was riding winners long before "Steve" threw a leg across a horse, and he offers to pay a \$1,000 to anyone who can prove that his statement is incorrect. This is not evidence that he can tip winners. The banker's cast-off son is still extracting the nimble half-a-crown for "dead

certs, and the black tipster is also doing well. The latter makes a special appeal to the ladies, and always has one to beat the favourite. My advice to race-goers is to let these people back their own good things.

Flat Races during the Winter Months.

A few years ago flat races under National Hunt rules were very popular, but owing to the dearth of good amateur riders they gradually died out. Occasionally one flat event is sandwiched in the jumping programmes, and it may be remembered that last season the Prince

13 Runners—9 Winners.

"Silver Ring's" code selections for the first two weeks of the jumping season.

Le Collier 5 to 1 Boddam 5 to 1
Sheriff 9 to 4 Prince Sadim 7 to 4
Corlach 10 to 11 Irish Cheer Evens
Top Light 4 to 6 Holdcroft 2 to 5
Clashing Arms 2 to 5

Three of the other four runners finished second; one unplaced.

of Wales rode in one of these races. A big revival is anticipated early in 1925, and a few owners are buying horses specially for these events. Major Wernher has acquired Herne the Hunter for this side of the game.

After the Dough.

Don't believe the sporting writers who are hard up for racing news and say that we have seen the last of the French invasion for a long time to come. The fact is that owing to the state of the French currency the relatively richer prizes on the English Turf attract the Frenchmen more than ever and during the winter there will be many French invaders over the sticks as the preliminary to a descent in greater force when the flat season opens next March.

Good, Bad and Indifferent.

But on the other hand don't believe those interested folk who tell you that every French horse sent to run here is a

wonder. France has not escaped that law which makes it inevitable that horses should be good, bad and indifferent, and among invaders the proportions are much the same as in our own country. The only wise man in racing is he who sees but does not take as gospel all he hears, and this is unusually so in regard to the tall tales of invading Frenchmen that are being prepared by our Racing Grimms.

An Offer.

I want to protect readers as much as possible against the knavery I know is going on in regard to the "boosting" of French horses without an earthly, and if any JOHN BULL reader who is being urged to support one of these invaders will send me the particulars I will have enquiries made in the right quarter and publish the results when of general interest. That is the only way to worst the wangers.

The Bore no More!

I was very sorry to learn that The Bore had met with an accident on the way to the Pychley Hunt and had to be destroyed. Mr. H. A. Brown's chaser

was a real old Aintree stalwart, and although he never won the National he generally managed to get round the difficult course. In 1920 he finished third to Troystown, and in 1921 second to Music Hall. I shall always remember this race. The Bore—owner up—fell at the last fence, and Mr. H. A. Brown received a bad tumble which broke a collar-bone. He pluckily remounted and took second honours. Naturally, the huge crowd did not forget to cheer him.

Mr. H. A. Brown,
Owner, Trainer and
first-class Jockey.

Points to Watch in Christ-

NEXT week the staying power of the League teams is going to be properly tested. For them Christmas could not have fallen at a worse part of the week, since it means that nearly all of them will have to play three matches in three days, to say nothing of some travelling on top of it.

Therefore, we shall probably have more than the usual surprise results on the Saturday for some of the teams will have much more travelling than others.

For instance, while it will be seen that in my forecasts I have tipped Bolton Wanderers to beat the Spurs, this is a match which could very well be left out of your coupons.

While Bolton have to play at Nottingham on Boxing Day and then get back to their own town for the match with the Spurs, the Londoners have no game on the Friday and, therefore, should be comparatively fresh. This is a point to remember.

Norwich, for one, will have the opposite experience. They play in London on Christmas Day, at Norwich on Boxing Day and at Plymouth, of all places, on the Saturday!

Freak Scoring.

When I forecasted an early fall for Notts County from the leadership of the First Division, it was because, obviously, the defence was practically the team in itself.

In their first 17 matches the County defence conceded only 7 goals, which represents some good work, but I never thought there was anything like the invulnerability these figures suggested, and the anything but powerful West Ham attack proved it.

The really freak scoring, however, has been that of Birmingham, who up to the second week of this month conceded as many goals as they obtained themselves. There ought to be a majority of 2 to 1 in the favour of any team hovering at or near the top of the table.

As I have said before, I do not think either of these Midland teams will be battling for first place next April. Both, indeed, may be beaten again this week end.

Watch Sheffield United—

I have been looking for a revival from Sheffield United, and I think they may be a side who profitably can be followed in the second half of the season.

SELECTIONS FOR DECEMBER 27.	
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.	
HOME WINNERS.	
*Arsenal, *Aston V., Blackburn, Bolton.	
*Cardiff, Huddersfield, Manchester C.,	
*Sunderland.	
AWAY WINNER. West Ham.	
DRAW.	
*Everton v. Birmingham, *Notts Co. v.	
W. Bromwich.	
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.	
HOME WINNERS.	
Fulham, *Derby Co., *Portsmouth,	
*Stoke, *Wolves.	
AWAY WINNER. *Chelsea.	
DRAW.	
*Barnsley v. Middlesbrough, *Orient v. Black-	
pool, *Leicester v. Manchester U., Oldham	
v. Southampton, Wednesday v. Palace.	
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III (Southern).	
HOME WINNERS.	
*Brighton, *Bristol C., Gillingham, North-	
ampton, *Plymouth, Q.P.R., Swindon.	
DRAW.	
*Bournemouth v. Millwall, *Charlton v.	
Southend, *Merthyr v. Bristol R., Reading	
v. Exeter.	
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III (Northern).	
HOME WINNERS.	
Barrow, Bradford, *Chesterfield, *Dar-	
lington, *Lincoln, *Rochdale, Wrexham.	
AWAY WINNER. Accrington.	
DRAW.	
Nelson v. Southport, *Tranmere v.	
Crowe, Walsall v. Wigan.	
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III (Northern).	
HOME WINNERS.	
*Airdrieonians, *Falkirk, *Hamilton,	
Morton, *Rangers.	
AWAY WINNER. Hibernians.	
DRAW.	
*Hearts v. St. Mirren, Kilmarnock v.	
Partick, *Raith R. v. Celtic, St. John-	
stone v. Aberdeen.	
For coupon purposes, nap selections	
are marked with an asterisk.	

the National

Tipsters—French Horses and a Special Offer

Six Second Favourites.

Several backers of second favourites have asked me how much they should draw over Ganzey, the Nottingham winner. Superman started favourite at 5 to 2. Ganzey, Southend, Hymir, Dudley, Ardeen and Ammonal were next in demand at sixes, consequently they are joint second favourites. A backer of the second favourite would have his stake divided into six parts and would be on the lot. The one-sixth on Ganzey wins at 6 to 1. The other five-sixths lose.

PADDOCK PARS.

A puzzle for students of form. Allette beat Ormada. Ormada beat Allette. Allette beat Ormada.

Follow "Major" Doyle on the horses he trains is a tip which will make money.

Did you notice the winners given in last week's horses to follow. Signet 7 to 1; Boddam 5 to 1; Fortissimo.

Back Duller's mounts to win only. Duller always makes the pace, and if his horse is good enough he stays in front. If the horse lacks stamina Duller is generally amongst the "also rans."

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Royal Chancellor.—I was very impressed by the appearance of Lord Westmorland's splendid-looking chestnut at Sandown. The nine-year-old made the entire running in the two-and-a-half mile 'chase, but could not withstand the challenge of Arduous in the run in. The gelding is certain to capture a number of races this season.

Boddam.—The son of Ultimus was my code selection for Annual H'cap Hurdle Race when he literally toyed with the opposition. He is built to carry heavy weights, and I think it will pay to continue to follow him.

Dash o' White.—This son of The White Knight won at Hawthorn Hill in November and both the second and third, Wallend and Santabel, have since won. Dash o' White also accounted for Roi Rouge at Kempton. Make a note against his name for two-mile 'chases.

Forewarned.—Mr. Bankier's horse ran the race of his life when he just failed to give 24 lbs. to Mount Etna over

three-and-a-half miles at Sandown. He passed the post almost white with lather. Forewarned will win when he is not asked to do the impossible. He will never again be asked to give his conqueror the same allowance.

Regicles.—I received a wire from Haydock that Regicles was fancied for the two-mile selling hurdle race. The market justified the information as he started favourite. He finished fifth, and should be given another chance.

Rousham.—I gave Rousham in my first six jumpers to follow and marked him for long-distance races. He won the three-mile 'chase at Haydock by fifteen lengths. Don't drop him yet awhile.

"SILVER RING."

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

Windsor, Wednesday,

ACIN' OURT, PETTY GURY.

Windsor, Thursday,

DASH O' WHITE, HONG KONG.

Hurst Park, Friday,

ALL AWAY, MOUNT ETNA.

Hurst Park, Saturday,

TEST MATCH, CH'LTOI.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Post, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Birmingham Mail, Irish Independent.

A 2 E Q R M U L O G J N K F

X W S V C P Y 3 H B Z T I D

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. N Y C I S U G Y J J X C F would read TURKEY BUZZARD

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from December 17 to 23.

mas Soccer

Strenuous Holiday Period for the League Teams.

With the same resources as last season, with the exception of a forced change in goalkeepers, it is incredible that they should be near the bottom of the table. There are three or four inferior teams above the United, and they ought to beat the equally disappointing Everton eleven this week.

The United, however, have a stiff holiday programme, so the New Year may be here before it is time to get them on your coupons more often than hitherto has been wise.

We Know All About Derby—

The supporters of Derby County want to see a little more stability in the team who made a rather serious slip in their promotion struggle when Leicester City trounced them at home.

Just as I tipped the County to draw with the leaders, which they did, so I warned readers against regarding them as a good thing to beat Leicester.

There is no questioning the general ability of the team, but it seems to me that they are going to continue to drop points when their forwards have an off day.

The County may eventually gain one of the two promotion places, but they are pretty certain to give the directors a lot more anxious moments.

As We Forecasted.

I advised readers some weeks ago to look out for the advance of Swansea, and as I write the Welsh team is as well placed as any in the Southern section of Division III, with the exception of Plymouth Argyle.

Singularly enough, the pair clash at Swansea this week-end, and the home lot will do all they know to get both points.

It will be a rare tussle between the Swansea attack and the Argyle defence. The former, it may not have been generally noticed, have scored nearly as many goals as any side in the country.

WEEK-END COUPS.

Another long shot—1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw—was forecasted in our issue of December 6. Coups for this week-end are:—
7 HOME.—Huddersfield, Derby County, Northampton, Bristol R., Nelson, Wigan, Hibernians.

8 HOME.—Huddersfield, Aston V. Derby Co., Northampton, Celtic.
3 AWAY.—Manchester U., Swindon, Aldershot.

3 DRAW.—Blackburn R. v. Cardiff, Fulham v. Crystal Palace, Walsall v. New Brighton.

5 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Nelson, Hibernians, Spurs, Bolton W.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Northampton, Manchester U., Reading v. Bristol C.

Guard Against "Flu"

Influenza and pneumonia usually start with a cold. The moment you get those warning aches, rub on Musterole.

A clean, white ointment, Musterole relieves congestion (which is what a cold really is) as effectively as the old-fashioned mustard plaster, but without the blister.

Use Musterole for sore throat, pleurisy, congestion, cold on the chest, sprains, chilblains and sore muscles.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



Theo. Christy & Co. London

HAVE YOU "TAKEN A RISK"?

Even if no symptoms appear and a risk of venereal infection has been taken, go at once to a doctor or attend at one of the Free Treatment Centres for advice.

There may be nothing the matter, but if there is, the earlier the treatment is begun, the quicker and surer is the cure.

Advice and treatment may be had both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy.

False shame is sheer folly. The real shame is to remain uncured, and thus to risk passing on the disease to an innocent person.

Full information, free (in plain cover), can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 102P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1, and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Five useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set, post free.

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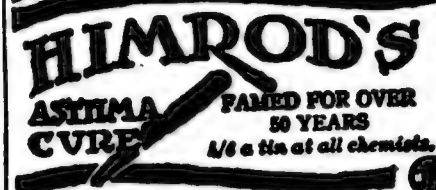
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Riley's 'Combine' Billiard & Dining Table Prices from £22 10s., or in 13 or 20 monthly payments. These tables can be had in Oak or Mahogany to match your furniture. Riley's are the largest makers of Full-Size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates given free for repairs and accessories.

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Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air their Views

Danger to Youth.

You have done well to publish the article by "Hospital Superintendent," drawing attention to the prevalence of venereal disease. Undoubtedly young people are brought to disaster through ignorance of this danger on the roadway of life, and everything that forces the matter on the attention of responsible authorities is welcome. Why should not our youth—if not our children—be informed of certain sex questions before they are marred with terrible disease?—*Hector McKay, Edinburgh.*

Knowledge—and Health.

Your plea for the spread of birth control knowledge in this country is greatly strengthened by the example shown in Holland. In Holland there is, and has been for many years, a society, operating with full Government approval, which has for its object the teaching of birth control methods to the poorer classes. The rapidly decreasing death and infantile mortality rate, and the increase in births over deaths in Dutch statistics provide proof of the benefits from such a policy.—*Mrs. E. R.*

Not Satan.

"Is Satan a Tory?" you ask. Surely every sensible person will answer "No," for the simple reason that the doctrine of Satan is and always has been "rank communism." I am neither parson nor churchgoer, but I read the Bible every day, and am sufficiently well versed in the Good Old Book to know that the first murderer killed his own brother under the impression that his victim was more favoured than he. Who can wonder that the colour of Communism is red? Concord, not discord, means prosperity.—*W. G. Jones.*

Not Out for Strikes.

"A Gentleman With a Duster's" attack on the trade unions will be resented by every loyal trade unionist. He asks: What have the unions done for the workers? And he should know that they have done everything, that without them British workers would still be at a disadvantage in the struggle of life. I am with him that futile union strikes are a danger to the country, but he should know that the new spirit in trade unionism is "satisfaction by negotiation"—*One of 'em.*

Bubble Blowing.

Commander Kenworthy says that the public is not speculating but is putting money in "gilt-edged securities." What can he expect? He says our commerce was built up by merchant adventurers, who were not looking for commercial security only. My idea is that in those days there was not so much talk about nationalisation as there is to-day. How can we expect people to sink money in commerce when there is such a strong Socialistic feeling about? They want something more secure. They invest in gilt-edged securities.—*M., Padham.*

Night Club Nonsense.

Commander Kenworthy's assertions are far too sweeping, and constitute a libel on the nation as a whole. While it is true that there are those whose only thought in life is frivolity, this distinction applies chiefly to a certain section of the idle rich, and, as regards night clubs, it is unbelievable that responsible men of business are "the principal patrons of these haunts." As for the working classes, surely they earn what little pleasure comes their way. Life, under present conditions, would be intolerable for many without some such diversion as the dance hall. Business does come first—with the majority!—*H. E. Brandon.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Health Insurance.

Do panel doctors give proper attention to each patient? Larger and larger become the out-patient departments of our hospitals, and constant appeals for money are being made. Yet most of these patients come under the N.H.I., for whom doctors are paid. Why not bring these out-patient departments under the Insurance? Panel doctors could give their services from these centres, and be sent out to visit patients when desired. By this means the hospitals would be assured of a constant income.—*D. Belasco, West Byfleet.*

No More War.

Last Sunday I attended a public meeting in a near-by town, which had been called to consider the question of war. Notices had been sent to the various churches and the meeting had been otherwise advertised, a special speaker had also been engaged, but fewer than twenty persons attended, and at least six of these lived elsewhere. No ministers of religion were present. Simultaneously, a moderate concert was being run for a somewhat doubtful object, and crowds were turned away. In circumstances like these, is it any use talking of preventing the next war?—*W. P.*

Naughty Novels.

I recently picked up a monthly magazine which my daughter had received from a friend. One of the stories I read, and can well imagine the effect on untrained minds of the veiled suggestive tone in which it was written. I put down the book and could feel the baneful influence left on the sub-conscious self. Open filth is repulsive and, therefore, defeats its own end, but the phrasing and half-expressed suggestion which leaves much to the imagination creates an atmosphere favourable to morbid growth. Why are these periodicals allowed to circulate in this country and contaminate our young people?—*Father.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"He went across to the fireplace and stood with his back to the warmth, staring into the fire with unseeing eyes."

"EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH":—"He was still polishing his eyes and looking at counsel with flashing eyes."

"LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS":—"The trawler and crew were then escorted to Reykjavik and placed in a cell for three days."

"DAILY HERALD":—"He is described as being 6 ft. tall, having a broad forehead, brown hair and a scar on the left chin."

"EVE'S OWN STORIES":—"Prudence Travers felt herself looking a sight of relief."

"EMPIRE NEWS":—"There, for the time being, rests the career of a man who, skirting the edges of the law, has caused untold happiness to many people."

"GIRLS' CINEMA":—"I cannot ever remember his face, but I never forget his face."

Romance at Forty.

Your readers have contributed some very interesting letters recently, on love, but my subject is the "Middle-aged Woman." I am inclined to take the view that after a woman has reached the age of forty, she is more or less "done for," and that life no longer holds any romance or charm for her. I should like to know the opinion of your middle-aged readers on this subject.—*Pollie, Alfridon.*

Value for Money.

Entering a butcher's shop exhibiting joints, I asked for one ticketed 8s. 1d. The smart assistant quickly wrapped the meat, and in reply to my enquiry, said it was 1s. 4d. per pound. I then asked the weight, and the scales gave it as 2 lb. 8 oz., which at 1s. 4d., equals 2s. 11d. Twopence overcharge in this case means 5 per cent. extra profit. Assistant and manager rather confusedly muttered something about having a wrong ticket on it. It was wrong to me, but I found it out.—*"Wage Earner."*

Abolish Santa Claus?

Christmas will soon be here, and I should like to put forward a plea for the abandonment of Santa Claus. Why should not we tell our children the truth, and let them know that their Christmas presents are from their parents and friends and not from a mythical individual? They would enjoy them quite as much—perhaps more—and it would do away with any deceit. There is a danger of children thinking that if their parents can deceive them in one thing they can in another.—*Cabus Neuk.*

Medical Tyranny.

It seems time that the powers of the General Medical Council were revised by Parliament in the interests not only of the medical profession, but of the general public, or that at least the victims of its sometimes arbitrary decisions should have the right of appeal to another tribunal. The flagrant injustice of meting out to Dr. Haydn Brown the same penalty that is visited on the abortionist, strikes the layman as an intolerably tyrannical use of the powers conferred on the Council by Act of Parliament, and one not contemplated by the authors of the Act.—*W. J. Downie, M.A. (Edin.).*

Pedestal Parsons.

Does your correspondent, Ernest Weston, know anything of the clergymen he appears to condemn? Hundreds of loyal ministers of religion are doing splendid self-sacrificing work in difficult places. They are too busy to perch on hypocritical pedestals. Their fine work is done silently, and often in obscurity it is as a leaven in the national life. Often poorly paid, they seek no reward save the joy of service. Many of the praises your correspondent praises were previously the pastors he seems to deprecate.—*W. J. Bakhurst, Enfield.*

Defeating Shylock.

Could not the money-lending abuses be entirely overcome by the establishment in every town of Municipal Loan Offices which would charge a reasonable rate of interest? Directly these institutions became known, the swindling and interest-grabbing Shylock would be forced out of business. In this way, not only would people be aided and put on their feet, but the interest paid by them on loans would go towards the reduction of local rates. In France, where the entire pawnbroking industry is carried on by the State, the process works admirably.—*P. B., London.*



Take that Genial Glow to bed with you!

YOU can't take the firelight's flickering glow to bed—but you can carry away with you the genial, friendly warmth of your last glass of Stone's Ginger Wine. Don't miss that goodnight glass! It's reminiscent of the crackling logs—it warms and cheers the very cockles of your heart—it's friendly, with an old-time friendliness!

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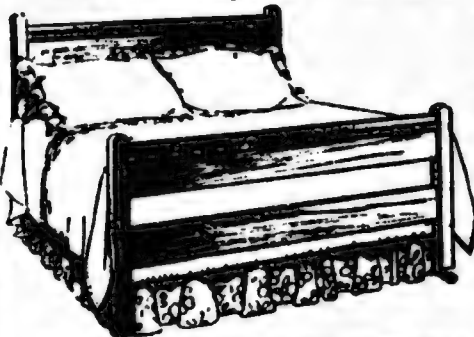
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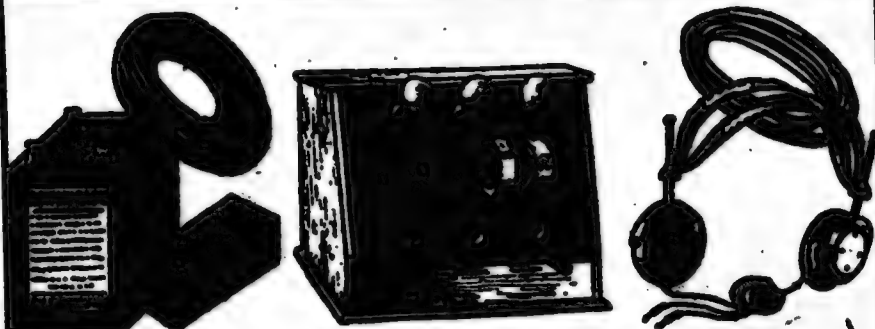
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F. A. G. (Cornwall) says:—"Every word broadcasted from London heard as distinctly as if I were in the Church."
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Radio Talks.

Xmas with a Loud Speaker

by MICHAEL EGAN

CHRISTMAS sales in the wireless trade reveal a marked increase in the popularity of the loud speaker. This is partly due to the fact that the loud speaker is coming to be regarded as an indispensable part of the "emergency equipment" of every hostess during the Christmas festivities, and partly—perhaps chiefly—to the growing recognition among radio amateurs of the efficiency, not only of many modern types of loud speaker, but also of the amplifiers upon which the quality of loud speaker reproduction so much depends.

This relation between loud speakers and amplifiers is an all-important one. The unpleasant "distortion" for which loud speakers are sometimes blamed is frequently due to the inefficiency of the amplifiers that are used with them. It therefore behoves the would-be purchaser to be no less careful in the choice of an amplifier than in the choice of a loud speaker. Whenever possible, a combined demonstration of both items should be insisted upon.

THERE are two kinds of amplifier (commonly distinguished as "high-frequency" and "low-frequency" amplifiers), and it is important to remember that their individual merits depend upon the circumstances in which they are used. If you are situated close to a broadcasting station, for instance, and are getting good telephone signals with the aid of a crystal receiver, a high-frequency amplifier will be of little or no use for loud speaker purposes; what you will need is a low-frequency amplifier.

Similarly, if you are so far from a station that you only get very weak telephone signals from your present set, you will need an amplifier that contains one high-frequency and (at least) one low-frequency valve.

As a general rule it may be laid down that loud speaker reproduction involves the use of two amplifying valves, in addition to whatever equipment is necessary for obtaining clear telephone signals. If you are close to a broadcasting station both of these valves should be low-frequency valves, and if you are some distance away one should be devoted to high-frequency and the other to low-frequency amplification.

DIFFERENT types of loud speakers are designed to produce different volumes of sound. When making your purchases, therefore, do not forget that it is one thing to listen to a full-volume loud speaker in a large demonstration hall, and another to listen to the same instrument at close quarters in your own drawing-room!

There is every type from miniature table models of the "Dinkle" class to the combined cabinet sets. The Sterling "Primax" and the T.M.C. "Concert Grand" are the closest of rivals.

"Amplions" are as popular as ever. The well-known Brandes, C.A.V. and Brown models are also well to the fore.

Our Contributor will be pleased to answer readers' queries on wireless reception. Address him c/o John Bull, 93, Long Acce, W.C.2.

Had YOUR Xmas Gift from JOHN BULL?

See page 4.



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BRITAIN'S BEST BROADCASTING SETS.
No better Xmas Gift can be conceived than Britain's most Popular Wireless Set. It is unsurpassed for perfect reception of every broadcasted item. In the construction of GECOPHONE Models it has been the aim to produce sets which combine the finest results with simplicity of operation and handsome appearance. Their variety has been extended to meet every requirement and to suit the pockets of all sections of the community.

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The tests are complete and the world's super-head-phones is on the market. The Atlantic Ocean has been bridged with "the headphones that amplify" and one valve. Signals unheard with ten other reputable phones became quite normal intelligible reception with Bechstein Headphones.

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"The World's Best Headphones."

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On a one-valve reaction set using no L.F. amplification these phones have been consistently used in receiving the American Stations WGY and KDKA. In addition to European Stations, including Rome—the most difficult of all.

A new departure in electro-magnetic principle is responsible for the marked superiority of the Bechstein, which with a sensitive receiver and one good valve brings in from the aerial and amplifies these elusive signals from all parts of the world.

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John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be slipshod on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column this page.

P. S. (Rye).—"I've just got a job in a Government office." Lucky man! We've got to go on working.

R. S. (Hythe).—"I've discovered a perfectly heavenly scent." A best smeller, in fact?

D. F. (Crewe).—"Heaps of people play golf round here." And lots round our way work at it.

H. H. (Ashington).—"The woman pays every time." That's the sort to take to the pictures!

C. L. (Bath).—"It's a wonderful year for holly." It's certainly well up to scratch.

T. H. (Petersham).—"My boy has joined the Navy." He'll probably find himself a good bit at sea.

R. J. (Uffington).—"My wife has presented several problems in my life." We hope never more than twins.

B. P. T. (Thorpe).—"A baby is a great responsibility." But one which most fathers love to shoulder.

Mrs. E. (Henwick).—"Every woman knows her own business best." But usually not quite so well as it is known by her neighbours.

G. T. P. (Longford).—"God helps those who help themselves." But He is even more favourably disposed towards those who help others.

T. E. (Leek).—"I'm going to have an exhibition of my paintings shortly." Well, don't get rheumatism through sitting on a damp pavement.

O. N. (Exeter).—"When were Christmas cards first invented." Don't know but it's much too late to do anything about it now.

"HEALTH" (Tintern).—"The woman who suffers from depression should live out of doors." If she doesn't, her husband soon will.

B. J. (Hoscar).—"Taken all round, provincial people know London better than Londoners." Those taken all round certainly ought to.

"WORRIED" (Bolton).—"What can I do with my extravagant wife, with whom I am very much in love?" Make allowances accordingly.

D. C. E. (Oldham).—"If necessary, I can make my mind a complete blank." On the evidence of your letter there can be no doubt of your ability.

C. A. (Tynhead).—"As a result of the workmen's petition, this shirker was sacked." The former, we presume, signed a round robin, and the latter got the bird.

P. M. (Carlisle).—"I suppose it is hopeless to expect to see an effective 'new broom' applied to the Civil Service." As unlikely as a spotlessly clean sweep.

M. G. (Maldstone).—"Tobacco and alcohol are both deadly poisons." What confirmed suicides we are!

W. N. (Luton).—"My cook always boils our eggs hard." You are lucky to be able to keep one so long.

L. S. (Hove).—"Sausages are not what they used to be." No, they used to be pigs.

R. B. (Reading).—"I find smoking helps me to think." Why did you give it up, then?

B. C. (Horton).—"Business isn't what it was in the riding school line." Riders falling off, eh?

P. L. (Congleton).—"Do you think I should ever learn to draw?" Not unless you harness yourself to a cart.

G. D. (Stafford).—"What would you think of a man who constantly deceived his wife?" That he's a wonder!

L. F. (Hexham).—"I've had a good many trials recently." But no convictions, we hope.

M. I. (Glastonbury).—"It's very funny, but I've lost three umbrellas in the last month." Sorry, not guilty!

L. S. (—).—"I owe a lot to my country." You are not the only one who has not yet paid his income tax.

E. R. (Luton).—"It's much better to be contented than wealthy." Sure, people can't borrow contentment.

T. L. (New Barnet).—"Nothing wakes me at night when once I go to sleep." Still it isn't everybody's luck to be a night watchman.

T. F. (Bedford).—"I know a place where one can buy whisky of pre-war strength." We enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

F. B. (Morpeth).—"My wife never finds the holes in my pockets." Probably experience has taught her that there is never anything in them to fall out.

L. D. T. (Conway).—"Are there many real savages left?" Millions and millions. Only you find them to-day in lounge suits and frocks.

F. D. S. (Plaistow).—"If we were all early birds, we should be better for it." That's rather a moot point. Would there be enough early worms to go round?

W. N. (Ely).—"I should never convict on circumstantial evidence." Not even if the jam jar were empty and the nursery-rhyme book had five strawberry finger-marks?

B. D. (Kirkby).—"I have only one hat." We are married, too.

K. J. (Borden).—"Look at the present-day flapper!" We often do.

G. J. (Aldershot).—"Primroses are blooming in a policeman's garden here." There's nerve for you!

A. J. G. (Harrow).—"I travel in cotton." These wintry days we prefer travelling in a heavy overcoat.

G. F. A. (Totnes).—"Can a palmist tell his own future?" That surely lies in the hands of other people.

W. J. B. (Queen's Park).—"My father always was a fool." Then there is something in heredity.

W. W. (Tilbury).—"I must admit that I cannot get round my wife." Ours is not quite so corpulent as that.

M. W. (St. Albans).—"I like meeting clever people." Then you must look us up some day.

P. L. C. (London, S.W.).—"The man charged me £3 for an ordinary umbrella. A gamp ramp.

R. T. (Sunderland).—"Old women are always quarrelling." And the young ones making up.

W. B. S. (Waterloo).—"Some wives' tongues resemble perpetual motion!" And some wives' eyes resemble perpetual ocean!

W. B. (Brighton).—"What has been done for Russia can be done for the rest of the world." But the rest of the world objects to being done for.

Mrs. T. (Plumstead).—"I've missed a *Bullets Turkey* this year." Never mind—this week's £500 would keep you in poultry for the rest of your life.

F. S. H. (Leicester).—"When a girl winks at me, I just wink back, but don't do any more." You don't need to. She does the rest.

A. C. A. (Preston).—"Motoring's fairly got me on the hop." And now, we suppose, you spend your time getting other people on the hop?

T. W. (Hampstead).—"Most carol-singers sing by ear." We thought they could not possibly make those strange noises with their mouths.

G. R. T. (Leeds).—"Girls of to-day don't seem to me so pretty as the girls of a few years back." Possibly that's because you're not so young as you were a few years back.

BEFORE Christmas comes get rid of those worries of yours! You can't sit at the festive board with a grim face and a bankrupt digestion. And all the worries in the world are as easily dissolved as ice in an oven.

Write to JOHN BULL about your problems. We have a wonderful Free Advice Service that exists for the sole purpose of making people happy. It answers every question put to it.

Love, Law, Business, Domestic, Pensions, Finance, Sport, etc.—It does not matter what your problem is; we can help you.

Write now, enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and a confidential reply will be sent to you through the post.

That problem of yours? Write to JOHN BULL about it!

R. J. B. (Tulse Hill).—"They say we're going to have skyscrapers in London. More tall talk!

P. L. (Eltham).—"The modern domestic servant doesn't work very hard." She lacks staying power.

P. L. (Stoke).—"I asked the doctor to tell me the worst." And how much did it come to?

T. L. (Goring).—"The sheep-farmer is no fool." In spite of the fact that he does a lot of wool-gathering.

T. L. P. (Slough).—"Women are better dressed in the summer than in the winter." Your argument is based on flimsy material.

P. J. F. (Harrow).—"I can't see eye to eye with you." Then you must be blinking the facts.

G. J. (Southampton).—"I'm a great admirer of the English girl's complexion." You like her blooming cheek?

G. N. (Richmond).—"I bought a pair of boots for new the other day, but I am convinced they are repaired ones." Soled again!

J. V. M. G. (Putney).—"I'm afraid I've rather a difficult signature to read." Never mind. We have your finger-marks on the letter.

P. B. (Staines).—"I have no time for the tortoise-shell rimmed, frivolous, cocktail-drinking girl." She is all giggles, giggles and gurgles.

B. J. M. (Alloa).—"We must give the Government a chance." And the Government must give the country a chance.

H. K. L. (Caterham).—"The question of short skirts must be considered from every point of view." And be looked at, in fact, from every angle.

Mrs. E. (Rotherhithe).—"Poverty is greatly helped by overcrowding." Yes—if there were more rooms for the poor there would be less room for poverty.

H. L. T. (Northorpe).—"From my earliest years I have suffered from a bad memory." In fact you've been forgetful ever since you can remember.

N. R. (Swindon).—"I may be a plain woman, but I know how to improve my mind." By frequently making it up, we presume.

M. W. (Ipswich).—"The worst of having a sweet smile is that my husband mopes if I hide it." Then we hope you'll continue to grin and bare it.

W. R. D. (Cleckheaton).—"I find it good policy to pretend to my wife that she is pretty." And, no doubt, she retaliates by kidding you you're clever.

C. T. (Mitcham).—"I am a good organist." Then perhaps you can tell us. We've always been curious to know what happens when you turn the handle backwards.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR FILM STAR? £500 IN CASH PRIZES MUST BE WON NO ENTRANCE FEE

As an extra special Gift to "John Bull" readers who enter for this Competition the Voucher opposite will bring you

1/- Packet

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In addition you will have an opportunity to win £250, First Prize in the £500 Film Star Popularity Contest now running in the Christmas "Picturegoer", the Movie Magazine de Luxe, now on sale, One Shilling.

J.B.

Voucher

1/- packet of real photographs FREE. GET a copy of the Christmas "Picturegoer" to-day. Enter for the great £500 Film Star Popularity Contest on the FREE VOTING COUPON which you will find on page 10 of the Christmas "Picturegoer." Post your Voting Coupon, together with this Voucher, to the "Picturegoer." As a special Free Gift you will be sent, by return of post, in exchange for this Voucher, a genuine 1/- packet of superb, real glossy photographs (postcard size) of Rudolph Valentino, Norma Talmage, Emma Navarro and Alice Terry, in addition you may win a huge Cash Prize.

N.B.—This Voucher does not qualify you for a Free 1/- packet of photographs unless it is accompanied by the Free Voting Coupon from the Christmas "Picturegoer."

Available until December 27, 1924.

THIS WEEK'S EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT
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you MUST ORDER IT from your Newsagent
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If there's an excess of acid in the
stomach, digestive pains will supervene,
no matter what is eaten. Get rid of the
harmful acid and all will be well. Take
Bisurated Magnesia after eating, and
no trace of pain or discomfort will
follow, even though you have eaten the
richest foods. Bisurated Magnesia
neutralises excess acidity the moment
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cose Veins, Bad Legs, etc. (Dept. V.T.).

NAME

ADDRESS

The New Wayfarers

We have no use for "Tired Tims"; we have for heroes

TRAMPS have for many years been
depicted as 'lazy vagrants, ragged
and ill-kempt, begrimed with
accumulations of dirt betokening a strong
dislike of soap and water, betraying by
their habits a contemptuous disregard of
most of the ordinary decencies of life, and
displaying a complete indifference to what
the future may hold as long as by hook or
by crook they may provide for the
present—in short, utterly worthless
persons for whom the world has little use
and less sympathy.

This sort of tramp has provided plenty
of material for comic papers and music-
hall comedians to make play with, but
there is another kind of wayfarer who
has taken to the road since the war, whose
condition is a matter for tears rather than
laughter.

There came to Long Acre last week a
young man who was a typical representa-
tive of the new order of tramps.

He was an ex-soldier without a pension.
Owing to scarcity of employment he had
left his home county of Yorkshire some
months ago and made his way with his
wife and child to South Wales in the hope
of finding work there.

HIS hopes were only partially realised,
and he was still struggling against
adversity when tragedy overtook him in
the death of his wife, leaving him bereft
of the loving sympathy which had sus-
tained him in his long fight with mis-
fortune and burdened with the living
legacy of a helpless baby boy.

Almost distracted with grief and anxiety,
he determined to take the child to a
religious institution near his home. Not
having sufficient money to pay the fare,
he set out to tramp from Wales to York-
shire, trusting to kindly lorry drivers to
give him a lift on the road.

He reached London penniless and
exhausted and came to us to ask for
assistance for the remainder of his
journey.

He had kept himself and the child neat
and clean, but there was more pathos in
the tidiness of these bereaved wayfarers
than in the rags and dirt of the traditional
tramp.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund
satisfied their hunger and sent them on
their way comforted.

ANOTHER of the new tramps is an ex-
officer who was compelled to relinquish
his captaincy through failing sight. He
has trudged many weary miles in a vain
search for work. As a transport officer
he has considerable veterinary know-
ledge and experience in the care of
horses. We will gladly communicate
further particulars to anyone who can
employ him.

We are greatly in need of serviceable
clothing and boots for men, women and
children, as well as increased cash sub-
scriptions.

Please help us, in one way or the other,
to give a chance to some of these new
tramps.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made
payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every
penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the need. All the expenses of
administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

C. Ford, 1s.; Disabled Out-of-Work, T. I., 1s. 1d.; "For His Sake," 2s. 6d.; A. E. J., 3s.; "Con," 2s.; F. Wheeler, 3s.; A. Thom., 1s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; T. M., 1s.; S. R., 2s. 6d.; H. B., 6d.; Lonely, 4d.; Dave, 3d.; Finchley Nurse, 2s.; W. Colinton, 6d.; M. T. P., 6d.; M. A., 6d.; E. Purkins, 1s.; "North Pole's Boy," 1s.; "XX," 2s.; H. A. Farrow, 5s.; C. H., 2s.; Friday's Ninth, 6d.; L. Smith, 5s.; "E. A. B.," 1s.; Noin, 6d.; Mrs. Stewart, parcel; "Disqualified Bullets," 6d.; "B-kots," 1s.; Luton Ex-Soldier, 3s.; W. Franks, 2s. 4d.; A. W. M., 6d.; Jessie, 2s.; Mother, 2/6; 5/11s. 6d.; Phila, 1s.; Birmingham Lucky Ninth, 3s.; H. Gillespie, 2s.; M. B., 1s.; 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Unsuccessful Bullets, 1s.; Good Luck to the Fund, 2s. 6d.; "Mansfield," 6d.; Mother of Six, parcel and 1s.; Fax, 2s.; Stoke, 6d.; Lone Widow, 1s.; Constant Reader, 1s.; Faith, 6d.; "Ju-Ju," 1s.; Poul's Weekly Ninth, 2s. 6d.; Gasbag, 7s.; B. Thery, 1s.; W. M. J., 1s.; W. B. H., 1s. 6d.; B. Burn, 7d.; A. E. N., 2s.; Signor, 1s.; E. C., 10d.; Grateful Lucy, 2s. 6d.; Jeff's Ninth, 2s.; Mustard, 4d.; R. J. W., York, 2s.; Mrs. H. Allen, 1s.; 6d.; E. Bennett, 2s. 6d.; Grannie, 2s.; M. Stone, 2s.; Hope Thankful, 2s.; L. Staples, 1s.; Football Double, 1s. 10d.; Johns, 1s.; S. de Meur, 1s. 2d.; F. Pitt, 2s. 6d.; Miner's Wife, 6d.; "Old 66," 2s. 6d.; "Hand to Mouth," 6d.; G. H. Haddon, 5s.; M. M., 2s. 1d.; "Swift," 6d.; "Buck," Williams, 5s.; Eiland, 3d.; F. James, 2s. 6d.; Melton Mowbray, 2s.; Mrs. C. H. Gates, 1s. 6d.; A. Widow, 1s.; H. B., 6d.; F. Bates, 1s.; For Charity, 3d.; F. R., 3s.; Nottingham, 1s. 1d.; W. Cassell, 6d.; From a Friend to a Friend, 10s.; Cogs, 2s. 6d.; H. C., 1s.

Anon., 6d.; R. Kirkup, 1s.; Preston Ninth, 3d.; A. Thom (Aberdeen), 1s.; K. M. Beckett, 2s.; Manchester, 2s. 6d.; E. M. Ledbridge, 5s.; Molly and Jackie, 2s.; Friday's Ninth, 6d.; A. Helps the Needy, 2s. 4d.; G. W. O., 1s. 6d.; E. Purkins, 1s. 1d.; Cheerful, 2s. 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; M. A., 4d.; M. T. P., 6d.; "Inasmuch," 5s.; Darby and Joan, 10d.; On the Ninth, 3d.; M. B., 4d.; J. A. O. C. (Ran-geon), 5s.; Unlucky Bullets, 6d.; Sympathy, 1s.; B. H. Stowmarket, 1s.; J. N. S., 6d.; 1/10th Football Premier, 1s.; A. F. A., 1s.; Rayner, 2s.; W. Cassell, 6d.; S. A. H., 1s.; Bernard, 6d.; Poul's Weekly Ninth, 2s. 6d.; "One Poor Devil For Another," 6d.; H. C., 1s.; Berkeley (Burling), 11d.; Birmingham, 2s. 6d.; P. Heeson, 5s.; C. J. Y., 6d.; T. G. Mayor, 5s.; 6d.; L. Leclair, 2s.; Workman's Wife, 6d.; H. Columba, 2s.; H. Williams, 6d.; Anon., 3s.; A. Chapman, 4d.; A. F. A. (Fram-ling), 1s.; E. C. Coombs, 2s.; C. C. M. T., 1s.; A. F. McIntosh, 1s.; "Bonzo," 1s.; Mactavish, 5s.; Saltash, 1s. 7d.; F. C. F., 1s. 4d.; "Go To-day," 2s.; M. Cooper, 2s. 6d.; E. Wickens, 4d.; H. J., 3s. 4d.; E. H. B., 6d.; Winner of Second, 5/3s. 4d.; Cheerful, 4s.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; Leslie and Nora, 1s.; E. H., 2s.; S. J., 1s.; A. H., 1s.; 6d.; A. E. F., 2s.; 6d.; Miss Mills, 1s.; Kirkstall Abbey, 5s.; H. H. Wingham, 1s.; "Jessie," 10d.; E. S. Cab, 2s. 3d.; H. J. Stratfield, 1s.; A. B. Fry, 1s.; E. Hecby, 1s.; T. A. Love, 10s.; Tully's Ninth, 2s.; Remembrance, 3s.; H. E. May,

1s. 1d.; "For His Sake," 2s. 6d.; A. E. J., 3s.; W. M. J., 1s.; W. Hartlepool, 5d.; M. M., 6d.; J. Dewey, 6s.; F. Moody, 6d.; K. Millner, 1s.; "On the Pegs," 6d.; Scout, 6d.; H. Grimth, 6d.; W. Grooms, 6d.; Miss F. Rat-cliffe, 6d.; "Beta," 1s.; Mrs. M. Arrowsmith, 1s.; Mrs. H. E. Henderson, 6d.; I. Mitchell, 6d.; J. H. L., 6d.; W. D. R., 6d.; C. W. Preston, 6s.; "Unlucky Stamps," 6d.; M. Etkhorn, 6d.; "Neuf," 6d.; H. V. King, 6d.; Mrs. Leed, 6d.; H. Mitchell, 1s.; 6d.; Mrs. Leed, 6d.; Harris, 2s. 6d.; H. Orfeur, 2s. 6d.; Walton Vale, parcel, C. W. Huxley, 2s. 2s.; A. Ninth, 6d.; W. K., 7d.; A. E. Castle, 6d.; "Bonny Dundee," 3s.; Long Tom, 1s.; G. H. Wright, 10s.; H. P. W., 3s.; T. S. (Jersey), 1s.; "An Op-timist," 10s.; T. Fellows, 12s. 6d.; Mr. Coster, 1s.; Poor Woman, 1s.; Alice, 4d.; A. Hard Trier, 6d.; "Melbourne," 5s.; Wellwisher, 1s.; Widow (Pevelev), 1s.; Concord's III., 6d.; E. P. C., 6d.; R. N. O., 6d.; F. James, 1s.; Vaudricourt, 2s.; H. A. O., 3s.; "Little Nell," 10 francs; H. Taylor, 1s.

T. Parker, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Powers, 5s. and parcel; H. B., 6d.; Thom, 1s.; E. Purkins, 1s.; Phila, 2s.; M. E. S., 2d.; Another Lucky Ninth, 1s.; M. A., 6d.; J. N. S., 1s. 6d.; Too Late, 6d.; W. Cassell, 6d.; Poul's Weekly Ninth, 3s.; H. C., 1s.; Braintree, 1s. 6d.; Sorrow, 1s.; Friday's Ninth, 6d.; Yeoman, 1s.; Melton Mowbray, 2s.; A. J. W., 2s.; T. N., 1s.; Port Talbot, 1s.; M. T. P., 6d.; Five Pound Bullets, 2s.; W. R. T., 2s. 6d.; O. L. W., 1s.; Wishing You Good Luck, 2s. 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Ashton First Ninth, 1s.; J. E. Allan, 10s. 6d.; L. Skinner, parcel; J. K. S., 6d.; "Carrud," 4s.; B. P., 1s.; G. Woodard, 1s.; E. Moore, 4s.; M. Lowery, 3d.; Preston, 6d.; J. L., 1s. 3d.; Watkins (West Kilburn), 3s.; Anon., 1s.; "Third Ninth" (Ham), 3s.; 6d.; "Hoddo," 3s.; A. Friend, 3s.; F. Penney, 6d.; J. Meach, 6d.; E. S., 7d.; H. P. W., 1s.; Soldier's Mother, F. D., 10s.; E. J. Prior, 2s.; T. L. Skinner, 4s.; "Target Value," 1s.; Jock, 2s.; F. D., 1s.; O. L., 3s.; A. More Fortunate, 1s.; "Ucalite," 2s.; Joan, 6d.; G. N. Swain, 1s.; A. E. H., 6d.; Beta, 6d.; S. J. Russell, 5s.; H. Brazendale, 1s.; Noin, 6d.; Mrs. E. G. Allen, 2s.; W. M. J., 1s.; L. E. H., 5s.; G. G., 1s.; 1s.; Jessie, 1s.; E. Jones, 1s.; Porteus, 1s.; Miner's Wife, 6d.; Patience, 6d.; J. Henhall, 6d.; Gas Meter, 1s.; E. Bridge, 1s.; J. J. Manning, parcel; M. Sherwin, 2s. 6d.; J. C. M., 2s. 6d.; W. Snodland, 1s. 6d.; A. W. (Oxford), 1s. 6d.; A. W. M., 6d.; A. Widow, 3s.; A. Ninth, 2s.; Mrs. Thompson, 2s.; Mrs. E. Herrin-gan, 2s. and 2 parcels; E. H., 6d.; Regular Reader, 1s.; N. L. Benks, 6d.; Mrs. M. Bull-van, 1s.; Turner, 2s.; Mrs. J. B. Hall, 1s.; L. J. Lacey, 2s. 6d.; "Shee Artist," Collin, 1s.; Long Tom, 1s.; "Go To," 2s.; Mrs. A. Young, 1s.; "Newport County," 1s.; A. Pemberton, 1s.; E. W. F., 2s.; F. Clements, 2s.; 3d.; L. Ashdown, parcel; Pottersville, 6d.; J. Marney, 1s.; O. D. Kingley, 1s.; E. W. G., 1s.; W. Cassell, 6d.; "Just a Little," 2d.; Mrs.

(Continued on page 35)

Nervous Breakdown



Mr. Harry Wright

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep,
and how refreshed and fit you
feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown, Headache, Indigestion, Stomach Pain, Weakness, Neuritis, Anemia, Stomachic Prolapse, and all the ailments of the Nervous System. Especially valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Weak or broken nerves—whether the result of overwork, mental strain, sickness, accident or shock—need help and nourishment. Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They give tone to the nerves.

Mr. H. Wright's Letter.

Mr. Harry Wright, of 65, Mootyn Road, Brixton, London, S.W., the British film star, who is taking Chas. Chaplin's parts in the Kame comedies, writes as follows:—"I have been starring on the films, and in consequence of a nasty fall in Karno's 'Mumming Birds' my nerves were very badly shaken. I took advice and was X-rayed, but the treatment I received did not bring the desired improvement. I felt very ill indeed, but my case appeared to be a mystery. Then, in going over some of my correspondence, I found a letter sent to me by a minor when I was at the Alhambra Theatre, Barnsley. We were friends, and I remembered him telling me of a wonderful cure Dr. Cassell's Tablets had achieved in his case. I therefore decided to take them myself. I did so, and now I am pleased to tell you that I am in splendid health, as fit as a fiddle indeed. The fall in the film, 'Mumming Birds,' was thirty feet."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-.
Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

Secret of Skin Health

Skin Trouble is avoidable or can be minimised to the last degree by the use of Germolene. This is the undeniable experience of thousands of Skin Sufferers.

Mrs. A. Janman, of Rose Cottage, Station Road, Midhurst, Sussex, says: "For five years I suffered with eczema in the palms of both hands, and the irritation and pain of it were terrible. The pain, indeed, went right up to my shoulders. I was always told not to scratch, but I could not avoid it with such irritation as I had to endure. Often I rubbed my palms together until they were covered with blood, and then the terrible trouble would begin again. I wore gloves continuously. Nothing I tried helped me, and I had almost lost hope when I procured Germolene. The first dressing gave me relief. It was lovely to put on—so cool and soothing. Of course I continued with it, and in a surprisingly short time there was not a trace of the trouble left."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH.

HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 3/-. Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing



Use Germolene for
Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers,
Fleas, Itching, Cuts and
Burns, Skin Eruptions,
Ringworm, Chapped Hands,
Chilblains and all Itching
or Ulcerated Surfaces.

**AWARDED GOLD
MEDALS AT FOUR
LEADING
INTERNATIONAL
EXHIBITIONS.**

Your Trouble is INDIGESTION IT IS NOT YOUR LIVER CICFA RESTORES DIGESTION

On holidays, when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, it is not the LIVER—it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes that trouble. READ THE REASON WHY.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel, the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard, dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation. Your Bile Circulation is defective. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel and carried on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel.

Your blood becomes more impure, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

Cicfa ensures digestion of the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the Starchy food in the Bowel, improves the Bile Circulation, checks fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, aids and induces the formation of such Digestive Ferments as nature requires.

"5, Mornington St.,
Leicester

"Dear Sir,—
"I feel I would like to tell you the benefit I have received from taking your Cicfa tablets."

"I have suffered greatly from Indigestion and Acidity in Stomach for years, and was advised to try them at Easter. After taking three bottles, commencing with six a day and then reducing them, I have found I am completely cured, that I have no need to take them for myself, but keep them in the house, as my wife uses them when attacked with Wind round the heart. I have recommended them to quite a number of people; in fact, I have just taken some to a friend who has not tried them. The reason I have not written before is that I wanted to be sure it would not return, and I still find I can eat anything now without feeling any sign of that old complaint."

"Trusting that others will find the same benefit as me,

"I remain, Yours truly,

(Signed) "H. W. COZENS."

18,708 BRITISH DOCTORS
have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa you can purchase it and begin using it at once.

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THE CICFA CO.,

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GASES in STOMACH with eructations.	INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS	GASES in BOWEL, or Flatulence.
Sharp Neuralgic HEAD-ACHES.		Dark, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.		ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE Coated White all over.		TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.		COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.		EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.		PAINS in Bowel, Cramping and CONSTIPATION.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring Digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia, or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, while any remedy which can Cure must ensure the Digestive Ferments to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa can do this, because Cicfa gradually restores Digestion along the whole alimentary tract.

John Bull, 20/12/24.